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The North Carolinian.

PALEMON JOHN, Editor and Proprietor. Devoted to the Interests of the City, the County and the District. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance

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The North Carolinian
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JOB PRINTING
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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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Charter Election on the first Monday of May.
Meeting of the Board of Commissioners, afternoon of the first Monday of each month.
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Attorney—C. W. Grandy.
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Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Zion (colored). Services in each every Sabbath.

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GRAND UNITED ORDER OF O. F.—Meets alternate Thursday nights.

MASONIC.

EUREKA LODGE meets on every Monday night.

PASQUOTANK COUNTY.

Sheriff—John T. Price.
Treasurer—Thomas M Miles
Register of Deeds—Thomas P. Wilcox.
Surveyor—Kader Perry.
Commissioners—Dr. P. John, George W. Brothers, A. F. Stafford, Emanuel Davis and B. B. Johnson.
Attorney—W. F. Pool.
Representative—W. J. Munden.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Tenth Monday after the first Monday in March and October. County seat, Elizabeth City.

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Composed of the Counties of Pasquotank, Perquimans, Camden, Currituck, Dare, Tyrrell, Hyde, Beaufort, Washington, Bertie, Hertford, Chowan, Martin, Gates, Pitt and Pamlico

FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Is composed of the Counties of Pasquotank, Currituck, Camden, Perquimans, Chowan, Gates, Tyrrell, Hyde, Dare.
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Special attention is paid to the traveling public. Care is taken to supply the table with the best the market affords.

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THE ALBEMARLE SALOON.

This elegant establishment in the Albemarle House, is now under the control of

JOHN DETRICK,
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Lager Beer Saloon,

Keeps New Ark Sparkling Cider, and D. Parker's Gates Co. Apple Brandy, and dispenses the choicest of delicacies in this line. The celebrated BEER of Thomas Buck & Son will be kept, and pure Gibson and other Whiskys, besides any good Liquors, Cigars, or Chewing or Smoking Tobacco that may be desired.

He invites a call from every one.

Parson Kelly.

Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife Irene
Died when but three months wed,
And no new love has ever come between
His true heart and the dead,
Though now for sixty years the grass has grown
Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
The moss
And yellow lichens creep her name across.

Outside the door in the warm summer air,
The old man sits for hours.
The idle wind that stirs his silver hair,
Is sweet with June's first flowers;
But dull his mind, clouded with the haze
Of life's last weary, gray November days;
And dim
The past and present look alike to him.

The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,
The twitter of the birds,
Blend in his mind with voices long since heard—
Glad childhood's careless words,
Old hymns and Scripture texts; while indistinct
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is linked—
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever on his side.

By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms boughed
The rose-tree branch hangs low,
And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.
"Oh, is it you?" the old man asks, "Irene!"
And smiles, and fancies that her face he's seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!

Down from the gambrel roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings—
A golden gleam from some long vanished day
"Dear love," he calls; then, "Why will you not stay?"
He sighs,
For, at his voice, the bird looks up and flies.

Oh, constant heart! whose failing thoughts cling fast
To one long laid in dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust;
Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's breath,
Dream on! Love pure as thine shall outlive death,
And when
The gates unfold, her eyes meet thine again!

FIDELIA'S FORTUNE.

Who that had passed by the Kingslands' fine and brilliantly lighted house on the evening of Miss Harcourt's fete could have imagined that an aching heart, and the dark and unkind passion that makes aching hearts, existed within those dazzling walls?

Light streamed through the windows; music poured forth delightful strains; everything was gaying and dancing; the was animated with the concourse; and a crowd of eager people, encouraged by the balmy air of the late spring night, pressed into the shrubbery under the ballroom windows, and stood gaping with unfeigned admiration at the flitting figures of the dance.

All the windows of the two lower stories, besides the wing in which the ballroom lay, were lighted. Above them intervened a dark space; and over the third story, in one of the small round windows of the Mansard roof, a faint light twinkled. An observer noticing it would have supposed that some domestic whose duty did not call to active service had retired betimes. But no! The dimly lighted chamber in the roof held in its solitude a daughter of the house.

The figure of a young girl, wrapped carelessly in the folds of a coarse gray dressing robe, was flung at full length upon a narrow bed in an attitude of unmistakable dejection. Her face was buried in the pillow, her hands clasped above the flowing hair that reached in unbraided tresses to the floor. Her whole frame was agitated by a pitiful sobbing that could not be controlled.

A step along the uncarpeted passage and a knock at the door had no effect to arouse the unhappy girl. The knocks were repeated rapidly and more loudly, and being unanswered, a woman's voice, clear and shrill, but agreeable toned, called from without: "Fidelia Kingsland, are you here?"

The girl arose slowly, and rubbing the tears away from her eyelids with a bewildered air, moved listlessly toward the door.

"Who is it?—who calls me?" she asked, with her hand upon the key.

"A friend of your mother," answered the quick, clear voice.

"I am dreaming," said Fidelia, not in reply, but sadly to herself, and turned away.

"You are not dreaming," answered he voice.

Fidelia Kingsland cast one glance, bewildered yet imploring, at a picture hanging above her bed—a portrait that, forming the sole ornament of the room, occupied the only perpendicular space of walls elsewhere slanted so sharply as to make the chamber oppressive, like a cell.

"Your mother's friend!" If a voice from that other world into which long years ago the lovely being of the portrait forever passed had spoken now to her desolate child, it could not have awakened more complete and wondering surprise.

Mechanically she unlocked the door, and the stranger entered. Fidelia gazed at the apparition with a stupor resembling that of a sleep walker.

The stranger returned the gaze not at all, but walked into the room quickly, scanned it briefly and studiously in every part with a manner much like a petted bird. Her costume added to this sprightly, pert, bird-like effect. She wore a walking dress of dark blue velvet, fitting her petite figure with nice exactness; a cashmere shawl dropped from her shoulders so low that it point trailed on the floor; a velvet hat set with narrow feathers crested her small head. Her black hair shone in glossy waves; her quick black eyes sparkled like polished jet; diamonds glittered at her ears.

She granted Fidelia several moments to recover from surprise. Then she spoke to her in a familiar way, as if she had known her all her life. "Sit down by my side," she said, drawing her to the foot of the pallet, and taking a chair very near. "Sit down here and tell me why you were crying."

"Because my heart is broken," said the girl.

"That I am glad to hear," returned the little lady, briskly. "We are not so bad off as we feared. When these things are much broken there is no cry. My dear, I think I can mend your heart."

"You said you were a friend of my mother," Fidelia murmured, gazing with childlike wonder at her guest, and actually smiling through her tears.

"That you may have confidence, let me tell you of myself. I was a school friend of your mother in Paris. My name is Nannette Ricard. I am a widow without children; consequently I have no resting place. I am a traveler; I go around the world. By accident I paused at this town to stop over night at the hotel 'Two Isles.' There the rumor of the birthday fete encountered me. I made inquiries. I learned that the husband of my dear school friend whose death I mourned had married again, and had chosen for his second wife a widow with two children, the elder being the heroine of to-night's fete. 'Where is Fidelia,' I asked, 'the charming little daughter of the Kingslands, the interesting child of whom early letters of my friend gave me such agreeable advice?' 'She has grown to be a woman,' they answered, 'and she is kept a captive in her own house.' 'I must see,' I cried, 'this captive at once.'

"I came, and availed myself of doors opened to guests. From the dressing-room I found my way with difficulty. It was a child—a visitor, I imagine—who conducted me up stairs to the last flight. Shining of light through the crevice of your door guided me the rest. Now, my child, speak to me freely as to your own heart. There is nothing so consoling as a friend. Tell me why you suffer and what you wish."

"I suffer," said Fidelia, without the slightest reserve or distrust, "because I am a motherless girl. No one loves me. I have no right—indeed, I often feel so—to be in the world. And I wish—it is easier to say why I suffer than what I wish—I wish to be happy and to be loved."

The bright little lady listened attentively to this speech. She sighed once or twice, but at the last seized Fidelia's hand warmly, and with a bright smile said:

"My dear, you shall have your wish. Do not fall into despair; keep your faith in life. I shall help you; I know how. To-morrow I continue my journey, but any day after a fortnight you may look for my return. Then I shall send for you to visit me. Keep courage: sunny days come to all; they will come to you. And now kiss me, if you like, my child, and good-night."

Fidelia bent down from her queenly height to kiss lovingly the strange little lady whom an hour ago she had not known to bear an existence in the world.

She lighted her guest along the passage; blazing luster below showed plainly enough the descent. Then she returned to her own room, and having undressed and said her prayers with a comforted heart, lay down in her bed, and the dance music lulled her to sleep.

When at dawn she awoke, her experience of the evening seemed like a dream. Nor could she by such inquiries as she ventured to make learn anything of her guest. A fortnight passed; three weeks; a month. On the last day of the month she received a note:

"MY DEAR CHILD.—Come and spend the day and night with me at the hotel, 'Two Isles.' I have obtained your father's permission to extend to you this request.

"Your mother's friend,
"NANNETTE RICARD."

On no more unpropitious day could the note have been sent. As if fate had decreed that Madame Ricard should visit this special town only on its days of unusual excitement, there was this time a grand ball to be given in honor of a distinguished citizen; and not merely each house had its share of excitement, the Kingslands' not the least.

The citizen whom the ball honored was a young soldier, Colonel Darrel, whose habitual bravery had been made famous by a brilliant act of valor. The war having ended, he was commissioned to go abroad on an important diplomatic service. He possessed the hearty appreciation of his townsmen; and though he had dwelt but briefly in his native place, yet as he was a fine looking man, with affable manners, and, moreover, the largest landowner in the county, he had the happiness to possess the goodwill of his townswomen also.

This feminine regard was heightened by an appeal to compassion. Edgar Darrel had met with a sad misfortune. While still in boyhood he had lost by one night's tragedy both his parents. A fire, quickened by a tempest, had attacked his homestead and burned it to the ground. His mother, an invalid, perished in the flames; his father, dragged from the burning building in an unconscious state, survived his wife but a few days. The only heir inherited the estate encumbered with this lifelong grief.

"You surely will not be so heartless as to leave your sisters to-day?" said Mrs. Kingsland to Fidelia, when the import of Madame Ricard's note reached her. "Your father, manlike, forgot all that must be done to make your sisters presentable to-night. For once in your life you can be of use. The Paris ball dresses, only this morning arrived, require stitches and tact to make them fit."

Fidelia sighed in spirit, but, schooled to self-sacrifice, uncomplainingly remained. Conscientiously all day she plied her needle and exercised her taste. Her arrogant step-sisters did not hesitate to wreak upon her at once demands for her service and contempt for her servile state.

It was evening when, hooded and cloaked, she flew from the door. All the way to the hotel she encountered signs of the coming event. The atmosphere was impregnated with a sense of expectancy. Groups of gossips lingered in the streets. The doors of the spacious hall where the ball was to take place was guarded by liveried men, and straggling musicians sauntered across the avenue and disappeared in adjacent vaults.

The lovely June night had its air scented with the perfume of roses, syringas, and honeysuckles. The sky was flushed with the rosy lights of sunset. Fidelia forgot her sorrows, and began to affiliate herself with the joyous spirit that inspired the scene. By the time she had reached the hotel she was kindled by sympathetic excitement into the blooming beauty that only the malignant depression of her unhappy condition had kept paled.

Madame Ricard, whose apartments were the grand rooms of the "Two Isles," received her guest with the utmost cordiality. A *tete a tete* dinner was served in luxurious style, and Fidelia, who felt herself in happiness, enjoyed the feast, from bouilli to ice, and entered freely into the chatting mood of her hostess. They spoke at dessert of the hero of the night.

"He is a friend of mine," Madame Ricard said.

"How happy you must be to possess such a friend!" exclaimed Fidelia, with sparkling eyes. "He is a hero—a real hero of the time in which we live. Could there be an act more courageous than his part in the victory of October 5? Ah, how I should love to look upon his brave face! But I forget. I am a vassal by fate's special design. Why should I dream of heroes?"

"Go on, my dear, with your dreaming," said Madame Ricard, with a friendly little nod. "That is precisely the use of an occasional slavery, to make one dream of noble things. You are quite free at this moment, however. Would you like to go with me to-night to the ball?"

It was well for the hospitable impulse of the little lady that this astounding proposition was not made until after they had dined. Fidelia turned pale with ecstasy at the very thought. To go to the ball! To see with her own eyes the enchanting scene! To have a veritable glimpse of the hero's brave face! She answered after a moment of profound silence and with a feminine reservation that veiled the intensity of her assent: "I should like to go, if I had a white"

"There is nothing so easily obtained," said Madame Ricard, "as a white bodice and skirt." She bade her maid hasten to the office of the hotel and order up stairs a trunk marked with a blue rosette.

Out of this trunk came white gauze skirts, which were made to envelop the young girl in layers of grace, until the effect of white was dense, yet ethereal, like a lily. A bodice was found that conformed easily to the pliant form. Blue ribbons, the tint of forget-me nots, embellished the draperies; the coiffure, with the exception of a plain blue fillet, was left in its natural "falling grace."

"Simple and *comme il faut*, and altogether as I wish," said Madame Ricard, when the toilet was complete.

They arrived late at the ball, but not irritated by haste and Madame Ricard was gratified to find the excitement of pleasure at its height. Fidelia was presented to the hero of the night, and at his own request. He engaged her hand for the next dance.

Not the next waltz only, but the next and next, Fidelia found herself the partner of Colonel Darrel. He took her to supper, and she became the object of interest to all eyes. The gossips made her the heroine of the night. But of these lesser honors Fidelia was quite unconscious. She reveled in the thought that she had seen again and again—and with an expression in his eyes of so much kindness to herself—the hero's brave face.

After supper he left her a while, but returned to beg a brief promenade upon the balcony, which had been decorated to be one of the attractions of the night. Madame Ricard gave consent. And it was there, under the green archway of palms and hot-house plants that improvised a tropical vista, that Colonel Darrel said to the young girl who seemed to him the personification of guileless sweetness and dignified beauty: "Will you give me one of these little blue rosettes as a keepsake of the night?"

"I would—indeed, I would, said Fidelia, with charming hesitation; "but they are not mine to give."

A strange expression darted across the hero's face; and then, with bended head, he gave one glance into Fidelia's eyes that made her cheeks, from her very heart, blush.

"These are yours to give," he said, touching gently the brown curls that the evening wind had blown across his arm. "May I?" he asked; and being unforbidden, and while they still moved onward in the current of the crowded promenade, he succeeded in possessing himself of a lock of the beautiful hair; and he took the little keepsake with him when he went to Europe upon his appointed embassy.

And Fidelia—had she any keepsake of him? None, excepting the association of his grandeur with the fascination of her "first ball," and a recollection that she never took without dropping her eyelids, and blushing cheek and heart—a recollection of one glance.

Two years abroad, but all this time Madame Ricard corresponded with her every three months, quite unknown to Fidelia, a photograph of her lovely protegee, whom she managed to have frequently with her in cities where her passion for travel allowed her to linger a fortnight or a month.

The people of the town in which the Kingslands lived were much excited by an event that occurred during the first year of Colonel Darrel's absence in Europe. The event was the rebuilding of the Darrel homestead in a style of mingled comfort and magnificence unparalleled in the region round. When the edifice was complete, the grounds were elaborately embellished, and the interior was furnished in captivating taste.

Still greater was the excitement when, two years after the night of the ball given in his honor, Colonel Darrel returned to his native town; and having settled himself in his superb mansion, made Fidelia Kingsland his wife. It was rumored that there had been a correspondence between the now wedded lovers for half a year or more before the colonel's return.

In the meantime the bright little dame, Madame Ricard, had vanished from the earth. But Fidelia never forgot her benefactress. Particularly she remembered the words said to her by her strange visitor on the night of her unhappiness: "There is nothing so consoling as a friend."

When she became established in her own house, she would not allow herself to sink into the absorbing happiness of love. She was good and affectionate to all, even to her step-sisters, who forgot now in her prosperity that in adverse hours they had treated her with contempt. The townspeople called her, accordingly as the adjectives struck their appreciating sense, affable, kind, charitable, courteous, friendly.

Friendly was the true word.

"For friendship was my fortune," said Fidelia. "Let me never be a miser of the inestimable prize."

At the Centennial.

Up to the present time, says a Philadelphia correspondent, only seven governments have either erected or intimated any intention of erecting buildings within the grounds of the Centennial exhibition. These structures are intended to be used as offices by the commissioners of the several countries, and I fancy, moreover, that in erecting them there was also a desire to show cordiality of co-operation and sympathy with the American people. Whether this latter idea be correct or not cannot well be determined, but it is certainly a curious coincidence that the governments who have been the most hearty in acceptance have been most prominent in building these elegant little structures. These are the British government, the German empire, the Spanish Kingdom, the Brazilian, the Swedish, and the Japanese countries. The Austrian bakery is, I am informed, a private enterprise, and there will be no government building erected for the representatives of the kaiser. Neither will France or Russia send any workmen to Philadelphia or build any official quarters for their commissioners. It was notorious from the first that Russia did not intend to cooperate very heartily, and there is, therefore, no disappointment at the absence of any miniature Kremlin from the exhibition grounds. But I must confess my surprise that our gallant friends, the French, who will in all probability reap more pecuniary benefit by the sale of the things sent than any other nation, have omitted to lend their efforts to beautify the place by the erection of some pretty villa or pavilion.

For the Children.

Mr. Booth introduced a bill into the New York Legislature making it a misdemeanor for any person to hire out, apprentice, give away or otherwise dispose of any child under sixteen years of age to be used in any exhibition as tight rope walker or other gymnastic performance, or for any immoral purpose or employment dangerous to life or health, or as a beggar or singer or dancer, also making it a misdemeanor for any person to employ or exhibit such child for any such purpose.

The Parton Marriage.

James Parton's second marriage, with the circumstances attending it, is at last to a great extent made public. A month ago, it seems, he espoused the second daughter of his late wife, so widely known as "Fanny Fern." The intention was to make the matter as little public as possible. The union grew out of the peculiar relations of the family that the first Mrs. Parton left. Her eldest daughter was married to Mortimer Thompson ("Doesticks") and died early, leaving an infant to Mrs. Parton's care. This infant was the subject of a kind of idolatry from Mr and Mrs. Parton, and also from Mrs. Parton's daughter, who has now become her mother's successor as a wife. After Mrs. Parton died, the aunt, with the child, moved to Newburyport; but Mr. Parton's affection for the latter was such that he was miserable when separated from it. It has brought the parties together, and their marriage has been the result. Publicity might have been escaped had it not unfortunately happened that under the laws of Massachusetts the wedding was illegal, but they were remarried in New York State. The disparity between the age of Mr. Parton's present wife and his own is not much greater than was that of his first marriage, and it is in a more fortunate direction. Fanny Fern was fifteen years older than he, while her daughter is about twenty years younger. Mr. Parton was Fanny Fern's third husband. She was married in early life to a Mr. Eldridge, a cashier of one of the Boston banks. After leading a life of gayety and luxury with him for a few years he died suddenly, and left her destitute of property and with two children to support. She had for some years a bitter struggle with poverty. During this time she made a marriage with a Mr. Farrington, which proved to be an unhappy one. She was divorced from him. She began writing as a resource to earn her bread. Her first articles were poorly paid, appearing in one of the flashy story papers of Boston. She went to New York for a wider field, and was soon on the road to success. There she married Mr. Parton, and notwithstanding her advance of him in age, the wedding proved a happy one. There were no children as the fruit of their union. This second step-daughter had always lived with him, and to his care the mother consigned the favorite grandchild at her decease. The love of Mr. Parton for it undoubtedly did much to draw them together. The Willis family, from which Fanny Fern, N. P. Willis and Richard Storrs Willis sprang, was Puritan stock; but the children appear to have had the reverse of Puritan tendencies. The father was an orthodox deacon, and the publisher of the first orthodox newspaper in Boston. N. P. Willis at one time belodged to Park street church, but New York drew him away, as it did his sister, and he became one of the most thorough of the men of the world of that city. Fanny Fern, who quarreled with her brother before she began her literary career, draws a very unflattering portrait of him in her story, "Ruth Hall," but the brother and sister were afterwards reconciled. Their mother's death occurred while she is now living, a wealthy man, in Germany. The family is well entitled to rank with those remarkable for talent that have originated in Boston.

A Christian Sheik in Arabia.

The *National Baptist* is responsible for a remarkable story which has been widely circulated, and is, in substance, as follows: A man named Randall, living in Oneida county, New York, about forty years ago married a Welsh girl, who soon afterward visited her friends in Wales, where a son was born. This boy was educated in Wales, and afterward went to Syria. While there a sheik's daughter fell in love with him, and he was arrested while traveling from Damascus to Jerusalem by armed men, taken to the sheik's tent and married to the girl.

It does not appear that he made any strong remonstrance. His tent was guarded by night and his person watched by day, lest he should escape, and this guard kept over him for years. He and Arzalia, however, seemed happy; children were born to them, and their domestic life was marked by kindness and true affection. Randall rapidly acquired the Arabic language; his wife as rapidly mastered the English. Their children were taught in both.

When he was admitted to the sheik's family they had to receive his religion as well as his person. Through him his wife became a Christian; his father-in-law became a patron of his son-in-law's faith; his children were brought up "in the fear of the Lord;" his son has become sheik of the tribe—the father-in-law having died. All the surrounding tribes have become favorable to the new religion, and have pledged their swords in its defense. Many have been baptized; hundreds of children have been taught the new religion.

But a dervish, a zealot of the Mohammedan faith, had for a long time been endeavoring to stir up opposition and persecution; he strove to have Randall's sons thrown out of the employ of the Turkish government, and failing in this turned his assault upon a daughter of the foreigner, and charged her with witchcraft and apostasy from the true faith. She was brought before the meglie, composed of one hundred and forty-four venerable sheiks and effendis, to answer charges which involved her life. The charges having been presented and substantiated as best they could be by witnesses, she was called upon to answer. She defended herself and was acquitted.

The trial was in October, 1872. In June, 1873, while Rosa was teaching a class of forty-two little girls, in a grove, the way to heaven, the dervish stealthily approached, and before any one was aware he had murdered the maid and fled. The fleetest horses of the tribe, with armed riders, went in pursuit. He was soon captured, tried and executed.

A Dying Man's Heroism.

Superintendent Flint, of the Midland railroad, says the Hudson *Star*, after a severe snow storm, mounted the engine which propelled a snow plow and proceeded to clear the track. The snow plow and engine, which started half an hour in advance of the mail train, had arrived at the trestle work crossing of the Willowemoc, when, with a sudden crash, the whole expedition was precipitated twenty feet into the rocky bed of the stream below—engine, snow plow, rails, and bridge timbers in one confused mass. All escaped uninjured except Superintendent Flint. He was entangled in the ruins. Held fast by the iron monster that had fallen across his lower extremities, enveloped in clouds of escaping steam, he was found by his companions, who endeavored to extricate him from his perilous position, and though suffering agony, he rallied his ebbing strength and called out: "Stop that mail train." Having said this, he died. The train was stopped, and its load of passengers, that an instant before were rushing on to quick and certain destruction, gathered around and tenderly took up the remains of him who, in his dying agony, had remembered their peril, and by averting it won his right to the title of hero.

Road Agents in New Mexico.

At about two o'clock in the morning, says a New Mexico paper, as the coach which was coming from Silver City to Mesilla, New Mexico, was slowly going up the bad, rocky hill at Cook's canyon, three white men, masked with handkerchiefs tied above and below their eyes, with blankets on, stepped out from behind the rocks, aimed their guns and revolvers at Lancaster, the driver, and said: "Get down and stand at the head of your mules, and don't you move or let your mules move, or we will shoot you." He quietly complied with the order. Upon being asked, the driver told them young Fred Kaiser was the messenger, and they went to the front boot, told him to "get ont of there," and as he looked out he found a revolver in close proximity to his head, and was ordered to "get down on the ground," which he did, and no one asked him: "How many passengers have you got?" He told him two: He then said: "Tell them to jump out." There were in the coach at the time John S. Chisum, Esq., the "cattle king" of the West, and the Hon. T. F. Conway, and both were asleep.

There was only one revolver about the coach, and that was in the front boot. Mr. Chisum had $1,000 in greenbacks in his inside coat pocket, and while the silver bricks were being taken out he kept taking from $100 to $200 at a time from his pocketbook, without taking it out of his pocket, and would scatter it around in his pants and drawers, leaving about $100 in the pocketbook. One soon came, got the $100 and a gold watch, also a heavy gold chain.

Mr. Conway, who has been sickly and weak of late, was next visited and relieved of $25 in small bills, while they left him $35 which was not found, and also took a fine gold watch and chain, for which Mr. Conway would not have taken $300. The messenger was relieved of about $100, while the driver was not molested—they probably thinking that he had nothing worth asking for. They secured about $4,000 in silver bricks. Three bricks were marked "From H. M. Porter," and three "From J. F. Bennett," and all addressed Kountz Bros., New York. After getting through all operations, they ordered the driver to turn and take the back track to Hot Springs, adding that if they passed there before daylight they would shoot all aboard.

A Japanese Reception.

Mr. and Madame Yoshida, the present representatives of Japan, have been at Washington two years. While the minister and his secretaries have from the first worn the modern gentleman's dress, the little wife clung to the rich stuffs and loose robes of her countrywomen, until she found herself so much the object of attention that, through the medium of a fashionable lady of Washington, Mr. Yoshida committed his wife to the mercy of a French modiste. If she could only express herself in our language, it would be interesting to hear what were her sensations when first bandaged in corsets, tie-backs, and long basques with whalebone at every seam. The looks that would never cry out under any circumstances.

Just like an American martyr did she stand for hours in a cold draught at her last reception and extend her hand to each person who entered. Her husband has learned that the lady of the house is the first in importance when the evening is set apart for festivities. Mrs. Capron, who lived some years in Japan, and Mrs. Kilbourne, who has been most kind to the lovely little woman, sustained her in extending the hospitalities of the legation. Mr. Yoshida and his secretary both speak good English, and warmly welcomed their guests. Beautiful flowers were placed about the different rooms.

Upon entering the front door you were struck with the dim light in the hall. A Japanese lantern occupied the place of the chandelier for gas. Silver sconces with wax candles heightened the effect.

While the house is one of our modern structures, and upholstered according to our ideas of elegance, yet in many places there were specimens of Japanese art. The covers for beds, tables, and the ornaments for marettes and stands, while grotesque, were very rich and handsome. The supper was one of the most sumptuous of the season, and the table was brilliant with silver and flowers. The diplomatic corps, who were all present, the members of the cabinet and their wives, judges of the supreme court, and a few unofficial people, composed the company. As it was a diplomatic affair, every diamond that the ladies possessed had to be displayed.

In the Olden Time.

On March 20, 1676, Providence, R. I., was burned by the Indians. At this time the town contained, as nearly as can be ascertained, about two hundred inhabitants, and the principal settlement was at the north end. In view of the exposed condition of Providence, a garrison was established there under the command of Captain Arthur Fenner. Roger Williams, through whose effort the town was fortified, also held a command. When the Indians approached, it is said Mr. Williams, whom they highly respected, went out to meet them with the hope of turning them from their purpose, but in vain. When told that Massachusetts could raise thousands of men, and that as fast as they fell the king could supply their places, the chiefs defiantly replied: "Let them come. We are ready for them. But as for you, Brother Williams, you are a good man. You have been kind to us many years. Not a hair of your head shall be touched." They proceeded with their work, and about thirty houses (some accounts say twenty-nine and others fifty-four) were destroyed, among them the house of John Smith, the miller and also a town clerk, who lived on the west bank of the Moshassuck river, a short distance north of Mill bridge. Several of the houses burned were on the east side of the road, south of the present North street. Williams retired, seasonably, to his house, situated on the north side of Howland street, and was spared. A house in the vicinity of the conflagration, which escaped the general doom, was the Whipple House, still standing on Abbott's lane, which with its immense chimney, its projecting second story (altered some years ago), and its interior arrangements, was a fair specimen of the architecture of its period. As most of the people had fled from the town, no loss of lives is reported. John Smith saved the town records by throwing them from his burning house into the adjacent millpond, from which they were subsequently fished up, carried to Newport and kept there until the war ended.

A SAGE MONKEY.—Mr. Darwin tells a story, as an example of the reasoning powers of a monkey that was scratched by a pet kitten. At first Jocko was immensely amazed. Recovering from his surprise, he sat at work to discover the location of the claws. After a severe tussle he got the four feet of the kitten within his clutches, saw the nails thrust from their guards, and with the broadest grin of satisfaction he proceeded deliberately to bite the points off of each one.

AN OBSCURE LIFE.

What a Poor Woman Did for Humanity Without Ostentation and with no Hope of Earthly Reward.

Here is the record of an obscure life which may be worth the attention of that intelligent, well-to-do majority, which is made up, after all, of obscure people. It is a story which suits all classes or any time, yet perhaps this especial time best, when men and women in the cities who have anxiously tried to be of service to God and their fellow men are apt to be daunted and depressed by the contrast between the great work accomplished by others and their own domestic quiet labor. The story is of a poor seamstress in a mill town in Indiana, who was left a widow some fifteen years ago, dependent on her needle for her daily bread. She lived near one of the factories where hundreds of both sexes were employed, and night and morning large gargs of girls and men passed her door miserably hungry and gloomy, or more miserably boisterous. It was a mill where the hands are driven like cattle and regarded as cattle in every other sense. The woman who saw the young girls pass so often that she learned to know their faces pitied them as a mother might have done. Indeed, we question if she had any exceptional quality or means of influence in the world other than her motherly nature. She was an uneducated, homely little body, but with patience and tenderness enough in her heart to serve all the children in the world. "I wanted," she said, "to give these girls a chance like other women; they had no chance as it was to be anything better than the mules which drew away the stuff they spun."

Our poor reformer took one—just one girl into her kitchen. She half starved herself to do that. She made the girl clean, and taught her to remain clean; taught her to scrub, wash, cook, and tell the truth. It took years to accomplish so much; years of patience and self-sacrifice. When she had finished, instead of a coarse dirty animal, she had a tool fit for use and service in the world a cleanminded honest woman, with skillful hands and intelligent brain. She took one after another of these wretched girls and trained them as seamstresses, cooks, chambermaids, at her own cost of time and money. Situations were readily found for them; the housekeepers of the town soon discovered how different the women were whom she had trained from any others; but she never parted with them unless she was confident that the work she had begun would be carried on in the same hearty spirit. In two cases the girls whom she thus adopted were deformed and sickly. These both remained with her until her death, supporting themselves by some light handiwork. In other cases they were rescued from worse places than the mill. A few of the girls became sincere Christians, but all (except one) led virtuous, honest, useful lives. One peculiar effect of her training was that her pupils caught from her her own genial, helpful spirit; they were missionaries of kindness in their humble world; and a cheerful face in a cook, or gentle, tender manner in a

The widow and her work were never known to fame, even in the town where she lived. People supposed when she took a larger house so as to accommodate more inmates that she kept a kind of intelligence office, or cheap boarding house, and there were not wanting many in her own rank of life to hint that she paid herself somehow from the labor of these poor; that she "feathered her nest well." None of the women whom she had helped ever wronged her by a suspicion. Next to God, whom she faithfully tried to teach them to serve, they believed in her. If she had proved a humbug, the faith of many a poor soul in His goodness would have been shaken, for all they knew of the goodness of beauty or pleasure He has sent into the world they knew through this poor woman. There were other women who could preach of Christ by words more effectually than she; some of them, quite as uncultured, had a "gift of prayer," or a real native eloquence which moved their hearers in class meeting or the church. Aunt Hannah, as she was called, never spoke in class or meeting; she was slow and dull of speech anywhere. She often no doubt felt her deficiencies bitterly, and wished that she could serve her Master in some great and striking way. It seemed a poor commonplace thing to her, as it may to our readers, to teach girls how to make or wear clothes neatly, or to cook a savory dinner; to watch and labor incessantly day after day, year after year, to wipe out this or that little fault, to strengthen a weak virtue. She would have been glad, no doubt, as we all would, to convert the great masses of vice and uncleanliness in the world into purity and goodness, in an hour—to play Divine Providence, in a word. Instead, she had small, coarse work set before her, and did it. Of another woman it was said, "She hath done what she could," when she anointed her Savior's head with precious ointment.

So Near and Yet So Far.

Not many months

...RTH CAROLINIAN

...L RIGHTS FOR ALL MEN.

...LEGON JOHN..... Editor.

...ElizabethCity, N. C. Mar. 15, 1876.

...DVICE RATE ALL...

...ertions and subscribing rates, we must urge...

...ll notices and communications...

...ll letters relating to any of the interests of...

THE NEXT INAUGURATION DAY

In certain quarters we see the next Presidential Inauguration Day discussed. One paper says that as the term of President and Vice President expires at twelve o'clock, noon, of the Fourth of March, and that day, in 1877 occurring on Sunday, the President *pro tem* of the Senate must then become the President of the United States and retain the post till twelve o'clock, noon, of the fifth—till the new President shall be inaugurated. Other papers declare that the inauguration must take place at twelve o'clock, noon, of the Fourth of March, no matter if it is Sunday. Both are in error. In 1821, the Fourth of March occurred on Sunday; Being the period for inaugurating a President, and the first event of the kind in the history of the Government, the question was rather perplexing. The arguments in favor of both positions w taken were presented then. At that time, the first term of President Monroe was about ending, and he was a candidate for re-election. In order to have the matter properly disposed of, he submitted it to the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. After mature deliberation, Chief Justice MARSHALL delivered the unanimous opinion of that learned judiciary body, saying

...represent a very considerable number of...

...Perhaps Mr. John will sing low about investigations hereafter. The Belknap ...ere will afford him reading matter all ...summer.—*Albemarle Times.*

Not at all. Push them—let no guilty ...Unlike the Democracy who cherish their disgraced Secretaries and made them leaders after their infamies were known, as in the cases of FLOYD, COBB and TOUCEY, of the last Democratic Administration, we insist on meeting out the severest penalties of the law to the man in our party who are proven guilty of malfeasance in office.

It is Messrs CLYMER, ROBBINS and BLACKBURN who are now "on the ragged edge." Having been invited to appear before the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia to testify to what they know of crookedness in official station, they throw themselves back upon their dignity and deny the authority of the Grand Jury to question them. Is this a part of the contract to assist in the escape of the witness MARSH?

While Rep. HILL was attempting to fasten the blame of secession upon the New England States, the other day, a Northern Democrat, keenly appreciating the value of such episodes to the Republican cause, said to a gentleman on the floor, "That man HILL would bankrupt hell if he attempted to defend the cause of his Satanic majesty."

The Republican party is the champion of human rights and must stand by its guns until no man in the country dare wag his tongue against the doctrine of the indivisibility of the nation or against the cardinal principle of the absolute political and civil equality of all citizens, be they white or black.

How long has General BELKNAP consituted the Republican organization that the New York *Herald* should declare that his downfall "means the ruin of the Republican party?" Parties in this country don't quite exist by the one-man power.

An Illinois juror stuck for "not guilty" in a case where he was positive that the prisoner was guilty. The man owed him $40; and if he went to prison how could he pay?—*Ex.*

That juror was evidently acting on the principle that charity should begin at home.

The Democrats thought the Republican members of Congress would defend BELKNAP. But they were disappointed. The Republicans have not been engaged in that kind of business. Their motto is: "Let no guilty man escape."

Gen. SCHENCK, Minister to England, has resigned and the President has appointed RICHARD H. DANA, Jr., of Boston, his successor. Mr. DANA is a distinguished lawyer and will make a popular and able Minister

Last week we referred to the great Republican gains in the Municipal elections of Pennsylvania. It is gratifying to be able to announce that similar results are occurring in other sections, especially in New York and Maine. In the State of New York the Republicans have carried the most of the cities and towns. In Maine the Republicans carry Portland by a majority of 526 against a Democratic majority last year of 426. The Republicans were also successful in the municipal elections at Saco, Bath, Lewiston, Rockland and Gardiner.

The Chicago *Tribune* says in speaking of the Presidential contest: "We have considerable hopes that the Republicans will pull through, but to do this they must place in nomination their best and strongest man, and even then they will require the assistance of some Democratic blundering." To which the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a Democratic paper, responds. "The Republicans may confidently rely upon that assistance. The Democracy gave it to them in abundance eight years ago, and again four years ago, and the party is just as magnanimous now as it ever was."

The Albemarle *Times* hopes the storm brewing in the Democratic camp won't equal Plymouth. We opine the hope will be delusive. One of its editors helped to swell the outside pandemonium orchestra at Plymouth. Of course he will be on hand at the next Democratic Convention where in addition to the "whisky consumption" practiced at Edenton, the different clans will throw bedlam in the shade. Mark the prediction.

MARSH, the witness against BELKNAP having been discharged by Mr. CLYMER the democratic chairman, has fled to Canada. It was a blunder if not a crime to let him go, as it may entirely defeat not only the criminal prosecution but even the impeachment of the ex-Secretary.

Hon. AFFONSO TAFT, of Ohio. has been appointed and confirmed as Secretary of War, in place of BELKNAP. Judge TAFT is a sterling Republican, a man of high character and eminent ability.

The sprightly fellow who writes the editorials for LATHAM'S organ, the *Tar River Beacon*, is over sensitive. "Judge a tree by its fruit."

CORRESPONDENCE

Party Success!

To the Editor of the North Carolinian:

Success, instead of merit has been adopted as the touchstone of desert, in every department of human enterprise. The age in which we live is an exciting one. The world is moving too fast—meditation is lost in manoeuvering. Stability has been superceeded by stubbornness, and the whole frame work of society needs re building. Accepting the above as a general exordium to our communication, let us inquire into the subject that [illegible] Success [illegible]:

1st. A party to be permanently successful must be based upon principles that are just and right, practically as well as theoretically; or in other words, the exponent of the party must reflect the principles of his party in life and practice.

2d. The organs of the party must advocate and teach to the thousands whom they visit weekly, the living issues of the day, and seek to elevate the masses to a higher plane of intellectual and moral usefulness, as well as the peculiar tenets of its party. He should not work solely in the interest of self; but applaud whatever is meritorious in another and denounce the trickster and demagogue, though he be successful in every enterprise It will increase (in the end) the circulation of the organ and add moral as well as political strength to the party and to the Government.

3d. The candidates for office in the various campaigns ought to be men of great force of moral character as well as intellectual superiority. They should be honest men, independent men, and men of physical force and courage when practicable. A big man physically, is preferable to a little one. No Minister of the Gospel ought to be allowed a seat in a Legislative place, as the Representative of the people. They manifest too much conscience in matters, that conscience has nothing to do with. Poverty is a misfortune, not a disgrace. Hence it is wise in any party if it expects to be successful, to have a just appreciation of the efforts and claims of the poor laborer.

4th. The distribution of Government patronage by the party in power is a successful though dangerous power in our form of Government and rule of politics. A distribution with a view to merit and personal qualifications seldom occurs. But the inquiry always is, how many votes, or sections of country can he control in the interest of some high official? You have but to witness the present prosecutions of the Government to satisfy you of the truthfulness of my position. Improper appointments tends to degrade the office. excite the people, damage the party, and bring ruin upon the Government.

Then, Doctor, knowing our principles to be right and just, would it not be well for us in the coming campaign, to be cautious as to who our standard bearers be, both State and National, remembering full well that while this is the year Centennial and one of jubilee to the American people, we can, by a "prudent husbandry of our resources," and a proper conception of our duties to each other and our country make it the year of triumph and jubilee, to the Republican party.

ABBOTTSVILLE, N. C.

Col. D. McD. Lindsey for Congress

To the Editor of the North Corolinian.

I notice in your issue of the 8th inst., a communication from South Mills signed "Camden," recommending Willis Bagley, Esq., of Hertford, N. C. as a candidate for Congress. I do not know who "Camden" is, but there is one thing that I do profess to know and that is, the sentiments of the Republicans of this county relative to this matter, and while I would not detract one iota from Mr. Bagley and am perfectly willing to award to him all the praise of being polite, affable, kind and popular, a good lawyer, scholar and speaker, (while I don't know that it is absolutely necessary to be a lawyer, in order to be a member of Congress.) I must say that in my opinion he is not the choice of the Republicans of this county as a candidate for Congress.

As "Camden" truthfully says Mr. Bagley has been before the people as a candidate for Solicitor, and made an elegant though not successful canvas. That he sustained the principles of the party with great ability, we all, regardless of party affiliation, are compelled to admit.

It is also time, as "Camden" says, that we should select our most available man, our strongest man, one who is able, willing and determined to bear our political banner.

He then naturally asks, who is the coming man? Now, Mr. Editor, I must admit that I admire the tone of "Camden" for while he advocates Mr. Bagley's claims he invites communication from others, and in response to this invitation. I desire to simply suggest the name of a gentleman who, if nominated, will carry this District from 1500 to 2000 majority. I refer to Col. D. McD. Lindsey, of Hertford, N. C. Col. Lindsey possesses all the qualifications which "Camden" says Mr. Bagley has, except that of being a lawyer. And as I have said before, I am not aware that that is requisite. With Col. Lindsey for our standard bearer we need not fear defeat. I honestly believe that he can get 100 more votes in Camden county than any other Republican in the District. He has experience in legislation and when in the Senate of N. C., was noted for his care and protection of the interest of his constituents. He would make us a representative that would do honor to our District and command the respect of his colleagues in Congress. He has faithfully served our party and has done more for its success than any other man in the District. He deserves our gratitude, respect and support. Old Camden will say in the District Convention without a dissenting voice, as she did in '72 and '74, *nomine de Lindsey.*

CAMDEN Co., N. C., Mar. 11th, 1876.

Broom Corn—How Produced and the value of the Seed for Stock.

As raising broom corn is little understood by most farmers in many parts of the country, e-pecially in the Middle and Southern States—and as a paying crop It is of much more importance than many suppose—for the benefit of those I will give my experience, having been for the last fifteen years raising it as a main crop.

Broom corn should be planted in the Spring, about the same time as Indian corn, on ground that has been thoroughly pulverized with the harrow (corn stubble or clover sod being the best). Mark out the rows 3½ feet apart then sprinkle the seed along as evenly as you can by the hand, or, what is better, use a common garden drill; cover by passing over a common one-horse harrow, going twice to the row if the ground is rough; do not cover too deep; after it is up about two inches high, go over with a two-horse harrow twice to the row. Don't be afraid of tearing it up. As the great mistake of people is in planting too thick, the stalks should be three or four inches apart in the row; 2½ quarts of good, clean seed is just enough for one acre if the ground is in order. This harrowing kills the weeds and gives the corn a start, after which it requires the same working as other corn.

When it begins to shoot out in head, go over the field and bend down all that is out before it gets crooked; this operation will have to be performed several times. After the seed is nearly ripe, commence cutting; first cut the brush from two rows, then with a corn cutter cut the stalks of these two rows; lay them crosswise, so as to make a bed to keep the brush off the ground; lay the brush on this bed, one bed holding the brush of eight rows; let it lie in the sun two or three days, after which tie it up in bundles and shock in round shocks over with stalks, tent-fashion, making them tight at the top, but so the air can pass through the bottom; in this manner it ought to remain three or four weeks until thoroughly dry; then haul to the barn, and take off the seed. This operation is best and quickest performed by a common threshing machine; take off the top if an undershoot; cross the band, have a boy to hand you the brush, as much as you can hold tightly in your hands at once, holding the seed ends on the cylinder as it revolves. One man and a boy can clean several hundred pounds a day in this manner. Much depends upon the kind of soil in raising broom corn—flat, loamy soils or river bottoms being the best; but good broom corn can be raised on good corn land, yielding from 700 to a 1000 pounds of brush and 40 bushels of seed to the acre—the seed being worth more than oats for feeding.

There are several varieties of broom corn, but the Improved Evergreen is much the most profitable, being worth almost twice as much in the market as the common red, and yielding more and better seed.

SAMUEL WILSON.

—*Mechanicsville, Bucks county Pa.*

Gratuitous Advice.

This advice is not always acceptable, but doubtless in many instances much benefit would be derived if it was promptly acted upon. No section of the country is exempt from disease and many regions has its "ills that flesh is heir to." To know the best means of combatting this common enemy with the least injury to our pockets and taste, is certainly a great advantage. At this season we must expect Torpid Liver, congested spleen, vitiated bile and inactive bowels, and all prudent persons should supply themselves with TUTT'S LIVER PILLS' which will stimulate the liver, relieve the engorged spleen, determine a healthy flow of bile, thus regulating the bowels and causing all unhealthy secretions to pass off in a natural manner. Remember that "an ounce of preventive is worth more than a pound of cure." no.-11-37-2t.

If there is anything in the world calculated to make a man forget that he's been to hear Moody and Sankey on the previous evening, it is to bounce out of bed cheerily in the morning and light on the business end of a tack.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. S. ACHESON, Physician and Surgeon, Manteo Roanoke Island, Dare Co., N. C. 39 v. 6 1yr.

MRS. RACHEL WEISEL, Milliner, and Dealer in Fancy Goods and Notions, Road Street. 39 v. 6.

MRS. I. A. COHN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Shoe Clothing, Hats, Caps &c. Road Street. 39 v. 9.

MARRIAGE GUIDE AND BOOK of SECRETS. DR. BOHANNAN'S Marriage Guide teaches all the inquisitive should know on Courtship, Marriage, the Physiological Mysteries and Revelations of the sexual system, Philosophy of Reproduction, who should marry, the impediments to marriage, their nature and cure. Treats on all Private Diseases, fully explaining their causes, symptoms and means to cure. It is the only really scientific work of the kind ever published, contains nearly 300 pages and is complete in every respect. Sent by Mail securely sealed on receipt of 50 cts. Address, Dr. C. A. BOHANNAN, 619 North Fifth st., St Louis, Mo. Established in 1857.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SILVER PLATED WARE

Electro-Plated Table Ware,

AND

Ornamental Art Work

IN GREAT VARIETY,

Manufactured By The

Meridian Brittania Co.,

550 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The best Plated SPOONS and FORKS are those heaviest Silver Plated on the parts where necessarily the most wear comes, and bearing the Trade Mark,

1847—*ROGERS BROTHERS*—XII.

N. B.—This great improvement in Silver Plated Spoons and Forks is applied alike to all grades of plate, A 1, 8 and 12 oz as ordered. The Process and Machinery for manufacturing these goods are Patented. The Extra or "Standard Plate" made by this Company is stamped A 1, simply and is plated 20 per cent heavier than the ordinary market standard.

First Premiums awarded at all Fairs where exhibited from World's Fair of 1852 to American Institute Fair 1874.—37 6m

$250 A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. ANDREWS & J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM

MORPHINE and INTEMPERATE HABITS speedily cured; painless, no publicity, at home and without inconvenience. An antidote that stands on its merits. Send stamps for particulars. DR. CARLTON, 167 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

MARRIAGE GUIDE of the sexual system, its abuses, and cure, latest discoveries in the science of reproduction; how to preserve the health, and beauty and cause long life; the laws governing marriage; the Physiological Mysteries and Revelations of the sexual system, Philosophy of Reproduction, who should marry, the impediments to marriage, their nature and cure. Treats on all Private Diseases, fully explaining their causes, symptoms and means to cure. It is the only really scientific work of the kind ever published, contains nearly 300 pages and is complete in every respect. Sent by Mail securely sealed on receipt of 50 cts. Address, Dr. C. A. BOHANNAN, 619 North Fifth st., St Louis, Mo. Established in 1857.

GREAT MEDICAL BOOK and Secrets for Ladies and Gents. Sent free for two stamps. Address, Dr. JOSEPH Medical Institute, St. Joseph, Mo. 24.-1yr

THE

North Carolinian.

Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, and the Best Interests of the First District of North Carolina.

ESTABLISHED JULY 1ST, 1869, AND HAS NEVER MISSED AN ISSUE.

It is fearless and independent in its utterances and bold in its advocacy of the principles of the Republican Party. It is a live, progressive and wide awake newspaper, and solicits the support and patronage of Republicans especially, and of all who desire to see the boundless materi; resources of the District fully developed in particular. Subscribe for it to do incalculable good.

TERMS:

Two Dollars and ten cents in advance, which includes pre payment of postage.

Address PALEMON JOHN, Elizabeth City, N. C.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored Frontispiece with the first number. The 1876 just issued. Price 50c. in Vegetable Garden 25 cents; with cloth covers, 65 cents. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

1876.

To Carriage, Wagon and Cart Makers

Of Eastern North Carolina.

We offer Special Inducements to *Cash Buyers of* Carriage Cart and Wagon Materials, either at Wholesale or Retail. We have special facilities for getting up our Stock and deal in these Goods exclusively We buy close for Cash and carry a heavy Stock of CARRIAGE HARDWARE and SEASON'D MATERIAL for building Buggie; Wagons and Carts, which we offer to Cash Buyers at small advance. All parties sending money with order will be fairly and squarely dealt with.—Money, when sent by mail, should be sent in Check or P. O. Money Order.

Our House is one of the oldest in this line of business in the State and we warrant to deal as honorably with those who order Goods by Mail, as with those who buy on the spot. Small buyers are treated as well as large ones and all orders promptly filled.

Address C. F. & C. B. MACKENZIE, Carriage and Wagon Materials, 338 Baltimore Street, Baltimore 25-2m

New Hard ware Store

In Elizabeth City, N. C.,

The subscriber has opened a New Store in Corner Road and Ehringhaus Streets. on Road Street, where will be found a general supply of

Hardware of all Kinds,

Builders tools,

Farming Implements;

Cutlery, Wagon and *Harness Maker's Materials, etc., etc.*

all new and of best quality.

I put prices down to lowest figures for THE CASH.

Give me a trial. My motto will be to try to please all.

B. C. BROTHERS.

-tf.

FISH! FISH!!

I AM CATCHING PLENTY OF *FISH* AT Dr. Pool's Fishery, on Newbegun Creek, and will sell them cheap. Come early—They are unusually large and fine. I am also operating a small Seine at Perry's Fishery and would be glad to see my old friends at either of the places.

WM. GREAVES.

37-2t

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELECTION NOTICE.

COUNTY SUBSCRIPTION

TO THE RAILROAD.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of Pasquotank County held at their office on Saturday February 19th, 1876 the following order was adopted:

Whereas, on the 7th day of August 1873 the qualified electors of this county having voted to subscribe Forty thousand dollars to the capital stock of the Atlantic Coast Railway Co. or any other Company, it is proposed to make the subscription *Sixty Five Thousand Dollars*, including said Forty Thousand dollars, and that the said sum of Sixty Five Thousand Dollars be subscribed to the capital stock of the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad Company, said subscription to be in the bonds of the County at par; said bonds to be coupon dated issue as voted and the additional $25,000 in 30 years after date of issue, the whole to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum payable semi-annually; The Bonds to be issued and paid to the President of the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad Company in the following manner and upon the following conditions:

One thousand dollars when the road is graded, bridged and tied to and across the Pasquotank River, and then pro rata at the end of every thirty days with the amount paid by the Company to the Contractor for active work done or material to the proportion to be as $5,000, the total amount of county subscription, bears to the total amount agreed to be paid the Contractor for building such road, provided that $17,000 of the county bonds are reserved and not paid until the first car passes over the entire road, and provided further that no portion of said bonds be delivered until the road is located and the right of way secured from Elizabeth City to Norfolk harbor.

Therefore it is ordered that the said question of the subscription and conditions be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of this county.

Second, That a poll be opened at the regular places of election in the several election precincts of this county on Saturday the 25th day of March next ensuing for the purpose of testing the sense of the qualified electors of this county on the same; that notice be given by the Chairman of this Board as provided by law; that tickets be prepared for said election with the words "Approved" for such electors as may be in favor of the subscription and conditions and the words "Not Approved" or such as may be opposed.

Third, That in the event of the Rail-Road subscription being carried by a vote of the people FRANK VAUGHAN, of Eliz. City C. WILSON HOLLOWELL, of Nixonton, and JOHN H. PERRY, of Mount Hermon be and are hereby appointed Trustees, empowered, authorized and directed to take charge of the printing of the Bonds and retain them in their possession in blank; that as soon as the said Trustees are made satisfied that the Railroad Company has complied with the conditions they proceed to issue the Bonds in accordance with said conditions by having them filled up and signed by the Chairman and Clerk of this Board, with the County seal affixed, and countersigned by the Trustees, and paid over, in such amounts only at each time the conditions are met.

P. JOHN, Chm'n.

THOS. P. WILCOX, Clerk.

In pursuance of the above order, I hereby give notice that said Election will be held at the regular polling places in the several precincts on SATURDAY, MARCH 25th 1876.

JOHN T. PRICE, Sheriff

February 23rd, 1876. 36-4t

Samaritan Nervine,

The great nerve Conqueror, cures Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, Spasms, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases, the only known positive remedy for Epileptic Fits. It has been tested in a thousand and has never been known to fail in a single case. Trial package free. Inclose stamp for Circulars giving evidence of cures. Address, Dr. S. A. RICHMOND, Box 741, St. Joseph Mo

24-1yr.

J. W. WALKER,

WATER STREET,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

IS still at the old Stand, and prepared to furnish his customers and the public with the best

Groceries and Liquors,

in the City and on terms that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. He asks his friends and the public generally to give him a call and be satisfied.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods. 26—3m.

Fishing Material

FOR SALE.

The material belonging to the Fishery formerly owned by Hollowell & Perry, at Cobb's Point, near Elizabeth City, N. C. will be sold on

REASONABLE TERMS

The material consists of seine, rope, windlasses, capstands, fish stands, barrels, No. 8 cooking stove, boat; oars, and all the material sufficient for making a seine to fish 1000 yards.

For terms apply to C. W. Hollowell at Elizabeth City, N. C., C. W. Grandy & Son, Norfolk Va., or to W. W. Graves at the Fishery. 35-2w.

1871. THE 1876.

ERA.

Published in the City of Raleigh.

The Central Organ of the State—The Authorized Organ of the U. S.

THE ERA CIRCULATES IN NEARLY all the counties of the State. Republican to the core. Will still continue to defend the great principles of the Republican party in the future as in the past.

The ERA will give the

LATEST NEWS, both State and general, AGRICULTURE.

WIT AND HUMOR, &c., &c., &c.,

$2.10 a Year in Advance.

Address, *W. M. BROWN,* Business Manager, Raleigh, N.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Arrival of New Goods

Ahead of the Railroad for

THE "OLD MERCHNT"

IN ANNCUNCING to my customers and the public the tidings of having received my NEW STOCK OF

Spring and Summer

Goods.

Inform them that the Goods are pretty and very cheap, and are within the reach of every body, as I intend to sell them at the very lowest prices to defy any underselling, having bought them in first class houses and the right places.

My Stock consists in part of the following Goods, viz:

GRO' GRAIN IRISH AND ENGLISH POPLINS, COLORED SILK DRESS PATTERNS, PONGEES AND FOULARDS, GRENADINES, JAPANESE, AUSTRIAN PLAIDS AND STRIPES, LACE AND SATIN STRIPED PIQUES, NAINSOOK TUCKING Cut on the Bias, FRENCH JACONETS AND ORGANDIES, ALPACAS AND CASHMERES, MOURNING BERAGE SHAWLS, LACE POINT AND SCARFS

Table D mask & Toweling, White Good great varity. Honey Comb Cloaking for Infants, Lawns & Suitings, Parasols, Goves & Handkerchiefs

400 pieces Standard Prints.

4-4 wide Bleached Two and 1-2 S. JET JEWELRY and Also a fine selection of Ladies, Childrens

SHOES;

MEN'S CLOTHING & CASIMERES,

Hats, Boots and Shoes,

all of which I will take pleasure in showing to any one favoring me with their patronage. All I ask is a fair trial and I will make it to the interest of the customer to give me a call.

S. Weisel.

Immense Success. 500 new subscribers every week testify to the popularity of the "peoples' paper" the STAR SPANGLED BANNER. 16th year, a large 8 page 40 column paper, illustrated, and filled with charming stories tales, poems, wit, humor, and three columns devoted to its Rogues' Corner" or expose of Swindlers, Rogues and Humbugs. It is by all odds the best and most popular paper published. Read by 150,000 delighted subscribers, established 1861 and never suspends or fails to appear *on time.* It is a "family paper" and a *complete* family paper. It will save you from being swindled and give you most delightful reading for a whole year. Fail not to subscribe NOW.

FOUR charming French chromes are given FREE to every one paying $1 for the BANNER for 1876. These are *Worth* $1 each, and are BEAUTIES, all mounted ready to hang or frame. Ready or you *want* the BANNER, you MUST try it. It costs very little only 75 cents a year for paper, or $1 for paper and *four* beautiful 8x10 chromes all sent prepaid. Sent three mos. for only 10 cents. TRY IT NOW. Send for samples, or better, 10 cents and receive it 3 mos.

Address, BANNER CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS. The Great N. E. Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., is daily shipping hundreds of boxes and packages of valuable goods all over the U. S. $100,000 worth of elegant Gold Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Sets, Chains, Charms, &c., Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Cutlery Glassware, Fancy Goods, Fine Perfumery, Hair Oils, Soaps &c, &c. Also 50,000 Books of all Kinds and styles

WORTH DOUBLE, These goods are worth $2 to $3.50 each, and sell at those prices everywhere, yet we are selling everything at the popular price of ONE DOLLAR. 67,000 delighted patrons testify to the benefit of our GREAT SALE and in our paper hundreds of letters are printed from our patrons in the past three years. READER, you can SAVE money, you can make $10 to as far as $200 elsewhere, if you deal with us. We want agents EVERYWHERE. We pay large commissions. No risk, no capital Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of seeing before paying. Send for full catalogue &c., FREE. Address, Send for full catalogue &c., FREE. Address, SALE, 33 Broomfield st, Boston, Mass

Westbrook Nurseries.

WILSON, N. C.

C. W. WESTBROOK, Proprietor.

100,000 Choice Trees. Vines and Plants yet on hand in my Nurseries, of the very best varieties well adapted to Southern culture at prices to suit the times. Planting may be done with success in February and March. I am prepared to fill orders promptly and satisfactorily, having the advantage of an experience of 23 years. Correspondence solicited. Extra Early Peach Treess and Strawberry Plants for market planting are my specialites. Send for Catalogue and Prices.

Address C. W. WESTBROOK, Wilson, N. C.

34-4t.

NOTICE.

Office of the D. S. Canal Co. } Norfolk, January 29th 1876. }

A called meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held at their office No. 51½ Roanoke Avenue on Wednesday March 1st 1876 at 12 M.

By order of the President, JOHN E. DOYLE, Treasurer.

33-4t.

For Sale—Cheap.

A SEINE, five hundred yards long, ready for immediate fishing, and almost good as new: also, Boats, Windlasses, Rope, and all other fixtures complete, and in best order: also, the use of the best fishing grounds, on Newbegun Creek, with ample and comfortable buildings.

Also two mules for sale.

For particulars apply to, GEO. D. POOL, at Elizabeth City, N. C.

Feb. 9th, 1876. 4t.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

GEO. D. POOL'S COLUMN.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

OF VALUABLE

NORTH CAROLINA LANDS

FOR SALE BY

GEORGE D. POOL,

Real Estate Agent,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

In presenting my list of lands and other properties for sale, I would say that no section of the United States offers such inducements to capitalists and emigrants, as this section of North Carolina. In longevity and healthfulness it will compare favorably with any where and in easy and cheap transportation of its products to market, in pleasantness of climate, in the variability of the people, in greater fertility, and durability of soil, no section can equal it.

There are fourteen steamers—most of them of large size—now plying between this place and Norfolk, Va., and Baltimore, making this town easily accessible to emigrants, and the means of cheap water transportation for its products, and other articles, unsurpassed. In addition to this a railroad, &c.

A railroad will soon be built from Norfolk, putting this place in direct communication by Rail, with the whole United States, this together with our great fishing, farming and manufacturing interests, and certain early completion of already projected works of improvement in connection with the Ocean, will render this one of the most important commercial, and manufacturing points on the Southern coast.

A desirable farm of 260 acres—one third cleared, and the balance covered with the most valuable timber the country affords—offered for sale. It is six miles from town, one mile from navigable water, has four tenant houses, is in a good neighborhood, and on the public road. There is a school within a half mile and a church within one mile of the place. The land produces corn, wheat, oats, rice, and is offered for the low price of $3 an acre on easy payments.

Another farm equally valuable as the above containing 186 acres is offered for sale for $1,600, one half cash, balance in a year without interest. This farm is within one mile of a navigable river, is only one mile from a church and school house, has good dwellings and all necessary out-buildings upon it, is now cleared, and is very productive. It is only six miles from this town, and is within two miles of the town of Nixonton.

A farm 400 acres 2 miles from town is offered for $1.8 an acre. This is rich land mostly cleared, and has good buildings. On account of its locality and productions it is very desirable.

A valuable farm of 219 acres is also offered for sale for $1,500, one half cash balance in a year. This farm is two miles from the town of Nixonton, and seven miles from Elizabeth City. It has good Buildings, is on a public road, and in a good neighborhood where schools and churches are near. Two thirds of this farm is cleared and in high cultivation, and the balance abounds in valuable timber. There is a great bargain offered in this farm.

A valuable farm of 200 acres nearly all cleared is offered for $2,000 on easy payments. This farm is twelve miles from town, is near a navagable River is easy productive, in a good neighborhood, on a public road and never near a church and school house. This too is a desirable purchase. Also a farm of 400 acres 11 miles from town is offered. The land is rich, the buildings are fine and it is mostly in fine cultivation. Price $26 per acre.

A farm of 600 acres in Pasquotank County 6 miles from town, and one mile from the Ferry with good new dwelling built in modern style parlor, sitting, four tenant houses scattered over the farm, fine water, &c. This farm is situated on the most public road in the County, has 300 acres cleared and balance in splendid pine, oak, cypress, maple, sweet gum, and other valuable timber. It is peculiarly adapted to raising cotton, $50 per acre, net, having been realized on a part of it this year in cotton. It also grows corn, wheat, oats, and other crops well. Price $12,000 in easy payments.

The farms—one of 160 acres, one of 80 acres and one of 190 acres, within two miles of Elizabeth City, for sale—payments on easy terms. Also many other valuable farms and town lots too numerous to mention.

GEO. D. POOL, Agent.

Elizbet City, N. C.

FRANK M. COOK,

WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,

No. 70 Road Street,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

HAVING located in Eliz City N. C. is prepared to operate in the Watch Maker and Jeweler business in all it departments. He respectfully solicit a share of patronage.

Clocks, Spectacles and Jewelry always on hand.

Elizabeth City

Planing Mill.

D. S. KRAMER,

PROPRIETOR.

Is prepared to furnish

FLOORING

SIDING, DOORS, AND

WINDOW FRAMES, BLINDS

BRACKETS, MOULDINGS,

AND FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL

WOOD WORK OF ALL

KINDS.

ORDERS SOLICITED

AND PROMPTLY

FILLED.

Ordinary size of Sash, both glazed and unglazed, always on hand. Also a lot Plastering Hair on hand for sale. Address,

D. S. KRAMER

Elizabeth City, N. C.

WILLARD'S

HOTEL,

J. F. CAKE, Proprietor

The largest and best Hotel at the National Capitol.

Washington, 41-tf.

NORTH CAROLINIAN
WEDNESDAY MAR. 15TH 1876.

TO NORTHERN VISITORS.

Elizabeth City is 50 miles South East of Norfolk, Va. Parties coming here from the North should take passage on the Bay line of steamers which leave Baltimore at 4 P. M. every evening, and arrive at Portsmouth the next morning in time to connect with the Elizabeth City steamers.

Local and Personal.

Gold at New York 114¼, cotton 13c. At Norfolk, cotton 12c, corn 56.

Build up your town and develop your county by voting for the railroad.

Remember that the Railroad election takes place on Saturday the 25th instant.

Messrs. C. C. Pool and Walter F. Pool will deliver addresses on the Rail Road question at Nixonton on Thursday, next week, the 23rd inst at 2½ o'clock P. M.

Never was there a grander opportunity for our people to help themselves as offered them now. It is for them to say at the ballot box, whether we are to have the railroad. If they vote for the subscription the road can be secured. Then will come business and prosperity. Who can afford to vote against it?

One of the most successful business men we ever knew told us that he made it a invariable rule to always advertise in dull times as well as in busy times. In busy times all have enough to do, and at times those who get the trade are those who make the most judicious bids for it through the newspapers.

The prospect of carrying the rail road subscription is quite encouraging. The people are beginning to study the question and view it favorably. But no effort be spared. Let every man work. Remember

The railroad battle once begun,
Must be agitated until won.

In the injunction case against the Commissioners of this City the Supreme Court has taken what the lawyers call an *advisaris* which means "under advisement 'til next term." The presumption is, in view of former decisions, that this is favorable to the Commissioners and against Mr Cohn. But for this suit the Corporation would have now been out of debt and the rate of taxation for 1876 could have been reduced.

Miles Commander C. W. Grandy and W. F. Pool addressed the people at Salem on the railroad question on Saturday. Col. W. F. Martin and C. W. Grandy will speak on the same subject at Providence Church on tomorrow, at Union Church in Salem on Friday, at Mt. Hermon Church on Saturday and at White's Store in New Land on Friday of next week the 24th inst. The Pool boys will be present at Mt. Hermon and New Land.

The men who try to alarm the people about a heavy poll tax to pay the railroad subscription are either wilfully or ignorantly attempting to deceive. Under our present Constitution it is expressly provided that the poll tax shall "never exceed two dollars on the head." But we ask some "How about Hurricane where no poll tax was laid?" We answer, *that* debt was created before the adoption of our present Constitution. Then there was no poll tax limit in the Constitution.

The present election on the railroad subscription was called, not to attempt to "force the people to vote for it" as some assert, but in order to obtain an intelligent expression of the popular will. Comparatively few of the people really knew that a man's *not* voting was equivalent to voting against it; and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that many had not heard of the election at all. These facts induced the Commissioners to grant the request of a large number of petitioners to submit the question once more.

In answer to several inquiries we would state. 1. The oldest newspaper published in the United States is the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Gazette*, established in 1756. There are forty newspapers in the United States which have been published over fifty years. 2. The only reliable Republican newspaper published in New York City is the *Times*. 3. The name 3.65 bonds is derived from the rate of interest which the proposed new bond is to bear three and sixty-five hundredths per cent. per annum. That is three dollars and sixty-five cents per year. 4. Since the 1st of July 1865 the public debt has been reduced $556,306,227.

Observation and experience show that in every country where labor is well paid and has constant employment the entire community is prosperous. Indeed the prosperity of the laboring class is the foundation of every country's true prosperity. As the laboring man has constant employment at good wages he is enabled to improve his home and surroundings, send his children to school, become a better customer of the carpenter, the cabinet maker, the merchant and the mechanic. He can live better, can pay his bills—help to strengthen and build up the body politic. All these will be among the first fruits of the railroad. It will give employment and labor; it will develop new industries; it will stimulate trade, and it will increase business. In view of these facts and the many others we have time and again referred to, we feel that we would be recreant to the public interest did we not advocate the railroad.

Local Briefs.

Thanks to Lieut. Walton for courtesies on the U. S. Sloop "Saville"—"What are you doing there?" said one of our grocers to the fellow who was helping himself to lard. "I am getting fat;" was the reply.—It is the opinion of every thoughtful man that only the most self-possessed shopkeeper can help losing his balance when his scales are stolen.—Several gentlemen from Connecticut are spending a few days in town. They say if we build the railroad they will embark in business here.—The lectures of Rev. Mr. Kernan at the Episcopal Church on Wednesday and Friday evenings are instructive and interesting.—Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—Dr. Smith, of New York arrived on Saturday.—A party have leased the Capt. Ackerly lot to go into the fruit canning business.—The people of the lower part of the county are moving to establish a postoffice at Salem to be called 'Bosworth."—Speak that fond good night softly, close the gate gently and slide a way on your tip-toes, young man, and then no one but the girl, yourself and the Ruler of the Universe will know just what time o'night it was when you took your departure.—Herring and shad are getting plenty in our market.—Mr. Grayer is running the Perry and Dr. Pool fisheries. See his card.—Read the article on broom Corn.—The pleasant weather continues. It don't diminish the audiences on the street corners When we say "go to work" they reply; "give me something to do." All need the railroad.

Local Paragraphs.

Drop your beverage at the Bingham ladies shop. Sometimes goes out of temperance. The hardest point of a crab dies—the back. A tight squeeze—one to per haggling another. A bawl of worsted is the cry of a spanked child. A circular saw—a proverb that goes the rounds of society. Eyes are not eyes—when the wind makes them water. The higher classes—the "fore" classes. The lower classes—the "hire" classes. Natural humbugs—bees. Artificial humbugs—some of the girls. A "big bug"—a cockroach.

Business Locals.

City orders for sale at Fowler's.

Irish potatoes at Fowler's—cheap.

Buy your lace curtains at Fowler's.

Button prices clear through, at Fowler's.

A fine assortment of collars and hames at B. C. Brothers' Hardware Store.

Neighboring Counties.

Dare.—The heavy gale on the night of the 7th inst., blew down the dwelling and cook house of Morris Midyett, on Roanoke Island and killed a child.

Chowan.—Court continued at Edenton all of last week and is still in session. Col. Martin, of Elizabeth City, was in attendance.—The fishermen are busy and are praying for better "catches." Thus far they have not been anything "to brag on."

Perquimans.—Wilkins, the horse thief broke jail at Hertford on the night of the 7th inst. He bored a place sufficient to get through in the floor of his dungeon, then cut a large bar of iron below. It is thought he had some outside assistance. The causeway has been repaired, costing $600. Mr. Peel was the contractor.—A colored child came near drowning the other day by falling into an old well.

Bertie.—Ben. Smallwood, a desperate character who broke jail at Windsor about three years ago has been recaptured. He is charged with having killed a colored woman near Roxabel. There are two prisoners in jail to be tried for their life.—N. B. Broughton, Grand Worthy Chief Templar for North Carolina, delivered an address at Windsor on the 11th.

Gates.—Judge Eure will hold court at Gatesville next week.—The farmers are preparing for their spring and summer crops.—A. P. Cherry, Deputy Collector, was in Gatesville on Monday.—The Order of Good Templars held their semi-annual District Convention on the 7th. Addresses were delivered by Rev. A. D. Cohen, Rev. R. R. Overby, A. B. Broughton and Theo. N. Ramsay. "Is Temperance a political question?" was argued and decided in the negative.

Hertford.—The store house of W. H. Piland, near Harrellsville, with stock of goods worth about $1,200, were consumed by fire on last Friday night. Supposed to be the work of a thief.—Elijah Skinner, colored, of Manning's Neck, was lodged in Winton jail on Wednesday last on the charge of murdering his daughter in-law. He claims that he only intended punishing her by whipping.—Three young men, named Rawls, were arrested on the charge of stealing a bale of cotton from James Lassiter. Two of them were bound over to court.

No Condemnation too Severe.

From the Albany Journal (Rep)

Gen. Grant's administration has been doing, noble work, Secretary Bristow has immediately managed the best reform campaign the country has ever seen. Postmaster-General Jewell has made grand advances. Attorney-General Pierpont has given new vigor to the administration of justice. The influence of Secretary Fish has always been salutary and excellent. If, while his colleagues have been honoring and elevating the service, Mr. Belknap has been secretly using his office for his own profit, no measure of condemnation is too great.

There is a story afloat says the New York *Commercial*, to the effect that Marsh was tampered with by certain Democratic leaders, and that, in consideration of furnishing evidence against Belknap, he was to receive $20,000 through the National Democratic Committee at Washington. His conduct from the time he made his appearance at Washington on the 21st of February up to his going before the committee was, to say the least, most extraordinary. His sneaking hurriedly out of the country is very suspicious. We have not had the whole of the Belknap affair yet.

Not the First One.

When Mr. Heister Clymer declared that Mr. Belknap's misdemeanor has "no parallel in our own history, or in any other country," he probably purposely ignored the history of his own party, which unfortunately is a part of the history of this country. That history shows that, in addition to the Fort Snelling land swindles, in which nearly all the great Democratic leaders of that day participated, and in addition to the Jake Thompson (Democratic Secretary of the Interior) Indian frauds, Secretary of War Floyd transferred troops, guns and munitions of war, at the beginning of the rebellion, to inconvenient localities; that Secretary of the Navy Toucey dispersed the navy in every ocean; that Secretary of the Treasury Cobb deliberately did what he could to ruin the public credit, and that, in short, all of the Democratic leaders then in highest power conspired in the interest of the "Democracy" to make a happy and united country an eternal impossibility. In the light of this colossal conspiracy, preceded as it was by the boldest thefts of millions of money from the Treasury the insignificant peccadillos of Belknap shrink into comparative nothingness. As a rhetorical effort Mr. Clymer's declaration may have sounded very fine; but it was simply a rhetorical fiction. If he had told the truth he would have said that the most revolting spectacle in our history resides in the fact that the Democracy not only pardoned the thefts to which we allude, but made political saints of the men who participated in the conspiracy which followed them. And he might have added that while the Democratic motto is and has always been, "Let no guilty Democratic leader be punished," the Republican axiom is, "Let justic prevail, though the heavens fall."—*Washington Republican.*

Whatever may be thought of Belknap there can be but one opinion of Marsh. He was a rich man. He amassed a fortune after the war in the great firm of Taylor, Davidson & Co., of Cincinnati, and at the death of Mr. Davidson was assolicited with Mr. Probasco, who gave Cincinnati the $80,000 fountain which adorns Fairmount square. He came here about 1868, and resides in an elegant house on Fifty-seventh street, and is a member of a firm doing a large business. Yet this man takes advantage of the needs and weakness of a poor Secretary to corrupt his wife with bribes to get a trading post where his confederate can sponge soldiers and officers and steal from Indians and rob emigrants by selling miserable goods at four times their worth, that he may gild the edges of his showy and costly establishment. He may try to wriggle out of the responsibility by turning informer, but his forced confession stamps him as a rascal of the blackest dye. And not till such men are punished as they deserve both by law and public odium can we have entire honesty in the public service. These rich miscreants, who tempt poor and half-paid officials in order that they may squeeze the last dollar out of the pocket of suffering emigrants and sick soldiers, ought to be branded with infamy and compelled to flee the country, as this Marsh seems to have done.—*New York Graphic.*

A correspondent asks for information respecting the corrupt transactions in Mr. Buchanan's Administration unearthed by the Covode Investigating Committee in 1860. That Committee was appointed to inquire whether the President had attempted to carry out his Kansas policy by the corrupt use of "money, patronage and other improper means." It reported that Mr Buchanan had systematically tried to defeat the wishes of the people of Kansas for a free State Constitution by forcible and fraudulent interference with the elections and by political conscription; that money had been used, presumably by an agent of the Administration, to get the Lecompton and English bills through Congress; that money, Government advertising, and printing contracts were offered to newspapers for supporting the Administration policy; that politicians held sinecure offices in the Philadelphia Custom House; and that money and forged naturalization papers were used to carry Pennsylvania for Mr. Buchanan in 1856.—*Tribune.*

Twee-dledum vs Tweedledee.

Marsh testifies that he paid Belknap twenty thousand dollars in consideration of receiving a post trader's position. A few years ago Robbins, who now figures so conspicuously as one of the investigating committee to arraign Belknap at the bar of the Senate, was convicted of receiving a bribe of *twenty dollars* for voting to allow Stephens, of Caswell, his *per diem* in the North Carolina Senate. Robbins begged piteously for mercy and was finally, allowed to go free. To read Robbins' statements and to note his pretended zeal to ferret out corruption, is enough to make folks who know the fellow, laugh. What a brazen face he must have?—*Era.*

"There, Philip, the baby's awake," remarked Mrs. Sheridan the other night; "won't you get up and walk with her awhile?" The hero of Five Forks and the Shenandoah singing "Rock a bye, baby," and pacing the room at 2 A.M., with regular 28 inch step, head up, and ten pounds of infant in his soldierly embrace, is a spectacle indeed calculated to give a tone to the service, and to send Susan B. Anthony into hysterics of delight.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"Every dog has his day," but the dogs in Hawkins county, Tenn., must have several days. A candidate in that county for the Legislature, by way of an appeal for the suffrages of the dog owners in that neighborhood, says that "the poor man values and loves his dog equally as well as he does his wife and children."

"Who didn't steal watermelons when he was a boy?" asks the "Christian Witness." Such sudden recollections of old times behind the bar jar a fellow's nerves like a powder explosion.

"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you!" said a conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material to *make up* is small," quietly remarked a young lady.

Jerked beef is a standard article of food in Texas; but the cattle kings complain that it is too frequently jerked over into Mexico, when the Greasers are on a raid against this country.—*New Orleans Republican.*

The Baptists of North Carolina have 100,000 members, white and colored, 750 churches, and 450 ministers; 36 students for the ministry are in their seminaries.

"Pull down your vest," is played out The latest is: "You're whistlin' Kate.'

MARRIAGES.

SMITH—SIMPSON—At the residence of the bride's father, Amasa Simpson, at "The Cape" Dare county, N. C., Feb. 17th 1876, by Rev. P. M. Farrow, Capt. Tilman F. Smith and Miss Sabrie E. Simpson, all of Dare county—New Berne "Times and Courier" please copy.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means f cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescriptions used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON,
194 Penn St., Williamsburg, New York. 27—6m.

Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Suffers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence.
27-6m. JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St, New York

PRE[illegible]

We have arranged, through liberal contract with manufacturers, to give agents and clubs of subscribers the following very fine premiums. Read the offers to the end. The number of subscribers requisite to secure each premium you will find below.

SEWING-MACHINES.

REMEMBER
The WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.
Is one of the oldest and best-established Sewing-Machine Companies in America.
Their Machines Rank among the very Best.
Premium No. 1, is Style 1 Weed Sewing-Machine.
Premium No. 2, is Style 2 Weed Sewing-Machine.
Premium No. 3, is Style 3 Weed Sewing-Machine.

Style 3 Weed Sewing-Machine.

Cannot the reader form a club in his or her neighborhood and secure one of these excellent Sewing-Machines as a premium. A few hours of well-directed effort will obtain it.

ORGANS.
Premium No. 46 is a
Style 42. E. P. NEEDHAM & SONS' CELEBRATED SILVER-TONGUE ORGAN,
Two Sets of Reeds, Ten Stops.....Price, $225.
Premium No. 5 is a
Style 47. E. P. NEEDHAM & SON'S SILVER-TONGUE ORGAN,
Three Sets of Reeds, Ten Stops. This style is admirably fitted for Sabbath-Schools, Churches, Lodges, etc. It is exceedingly powerful and of very sweet sound. Price, $325.

SILVER-TONGUE ORGAN.

E. P. Needham & Son are the pioneer Reed Organ Manufacturers in America; their instruments rank among the very best.

Will not our readers help us to dispose of several of these Organs as premiums, and in this way assist in swelling our subscription list? It will be easy for a congregation, desiring to make a present to the pastor, to secure the requisite number of subscribers. Each subscriber will get the FULL WORTH of his money in a copy of this publication for one year, and the PASTOR will be made happy with a beautiful Organ. Many a Sabbath-School, Lodge, or Church, needs an Organ. Pass the Subscription Paper.

SILVERWARE.
The premiums under this class are from the well-known Silverware House of Reed & Barton. It is the oldest house in this branch of business in the country. Any silverware dealer will tell you that the Reed & Barton goods have a reputation unsurpassed by those of any other manufacturer.

At the Mechanics' Fair, held in Boston in 1869, the judges awarded Messrs. Reed & Barton the first premium over all competition.

BUTTER DISH.

The first premium was also awarded the firm at the World's Fair, held in New York in 1851, and repeatedly since at the Fairs of the American Institute.

No. of Premium.	Name of Premium.	Price of Premium.
6	Napkin Ring, decorated in Japanese Style	$1 00
7	Child's Cup, gold-lined	2 75
8	Half-dozen tea-spoons	3 00
9	Child's set (knife, fork, and spoon), in fine morocco case, satin-lined	4 00
10	Half dozen table-spoons or forks	6 00
11	Butter-dish, with lance-rest	8 50
12	Cake basket, new pattern	13 50
13	Ice pitcher, seamless-lined, ivy decoration	15 50
14	A communion set, 5 pieces	27 50

We will give the above described premiums for Clubs of Subscribers, as follows:

The best Household Oil in the World
C. WEST & SONS' ALADDIN SECURITY
OIL.
Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test.
Indorsed by the Fire Insurance companies.

Read the following certificate selected from many others:
Howard Fire Ins. Co. of Baltimore, December 23rd, 1874.
Messrs C. WEST & SON, Gentlemen—having used the various oils sold in this city for illuminating purposes, I take pleasure in recommending your "Aladdin Security" as the safest and best ever used in our household.
Yours truly,
A. REESE, Pres't.

It will not Explode.
Ask your storekeeper for it
Wholesale Depot, C. WEST & SON,
113, 115 W. Lombard St. Balto.
11-6m.

National Hotel,
Delightfully Situated, next to Capitol Square,
RALEIGH, N. C.
A NEW HOUSE
Fine Rooms, well furnished and fitted up in the Best Style.
BATH ROOMS AND WATER CLOSETS ON EACH FLOOR.
Billiard Saloon in Basement.
C. S. BROWN, Prop'r

ARTHUR SPRUILL,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia N. C.
practice in the several Courts and makes collections in all parts of the State.
48-1yr.

JOHN WILLIAMS & SON
GENERAL
Commission Merchants
141 PEARL STREET,
NEW YORK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. H. ZIEGLER.

CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER
Most respectfully informs his customers friends and the public generally that he has increased his facilities for carrying on the business of Cabinet Making and Undertaking. He is now prepared to furnish
METALIC AND WOOD
COFFINS
of the latest improved kind and best quality will at two hours notice, and as cheap as they can be purchased in this or any other market.
His HEARSE will be ready at all times to serve his customers at any distance.
Undertakers in adjoining Counties can be furnished with Metallic Coffins as cheap as they can be bought at Norfolk or Baltimore.
His shop and Ware Rooms are on Shering Irons Street, 3 doors West of road.
Elizabeth City, N. C. 52 yl 1-1yr.

SUI GENERIS.

MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.
UNEQUALED Highest UNAPPROACHED
in capacity and excellence by any others. Awarded
THREE HIGHEST MEDALS
AND DIPLOMA OF HONOR AT
VIENNA, 1873; PARIS, 1867.
ONLY American Organs ever awarded any medal in Europe, or which present such extraordinary excellence as to command a wide sale there.
ALWAYS awarded highest premiums at Industrial Expositions, in America as well as Europe. Out of hundreds there have not been six in all where any other organs have been preferred.
BEST Judged by Eminent Musicians, in both hemispheres, to be unrivaled. See TESTIMONIAL CIRCULAR, with opinions of more than One Thousand (sent free).
INSIST on having a Mason & Hamlin. Do not take any other. Dealers get TAKEN OFF commissions for selling inferior organs, and for this reason often try very hard to sell something else.
NEW STYLES with most important improvements ever made. New Solo and Coronation Stops. Superb Etagere and other Cases of new designs.
PIANO-HARP CABINET ORGAN an entirely original and unique instruments.
EASY PAYMENTS. Organs sold for cash or for monthly or quarterly payments, or will rent, with rent apply for the organ.
CATALOGUES sent free. Address MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont Street, Boston; 596 Broadway, New York; or 149 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

GEORGE PAGE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
PATENT PORTABLE CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,
ADJUSTABLE AND PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
No 516 Schroeder st.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Grist Mills, Leffel's Turbine Water Wheels, Wood Working Machinery of all kinds, and Machinists' tools.
SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

ATLANTIC HOTEL
NORFOLK, VA.
R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.
BOARD, First and Second Rooms per Day $3.00
Third and Fourth " 2.50
Special Rates for Permanent Boarders
Jne 16th 1875.

P. H. GRANT. J. N. HINTON.
GRANT & HINTON,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
Grocers,
and dealers in
HAY, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 6 South Water Street,
Wilmington, N. C.
Special attention given to the sale of corn. Liberal advance on consignments. Refer to Hon. Geo. W. Brooks, Geo. D. Pool, Esq., J. B. Grainger, President Bank of New Hanover.
3-3m

CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS
AND
House Furnishing
GOODS.
124 MAIN ST., ATLANTIC BLOCK,
Norfolk, Va.
We beg to inform the citizens of Elizabeth City and surrounding country that we have recently removed to the handsome and spacious store No. 124 Main St., Atlantic Block, Norfolk, Va., and are prepared to furnish everything in our line at prices that will favorably compare with those of any house in New York or Baltimore. We have an elegant new and extensive stock of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Druggets, Matting, together with a full line of Quilts, Blankets, Coverlets, Linen Sheeting, Napkins, Towels, Piano and Organ Covers, and such other goods as pertain to the house furnishing line. Our stock of Lace and Linen Curtains, Cornices, Lambrequins, Shades, Wall-papers and Walnut Furniture Goods is complete, and we respectfully ask an inspection of our store, stock and prices.
H. WERTHEIMER.

FOWLER'S Cash and One Price STORE.
The stock consists of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, Crockery, Hardware, Groceries, Tinware, Queensware, Glassware, Iron & Steel, Nails, Paints & Oils, Drugs & Medicines, Dress Goods of all kinds, Ready-made Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Ladies' Cloaks and Furnishing Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Window Shades, Fancy Goods, Notions, Perfumery, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, Trimmings, Buttons, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, Linseys, Jeans, Cassimeres, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Cottonades, Denims, Drills, Ticks, Checks, Stripes, Calicoes, Ginghams, Prints, Delaines, Merinoes, Alpacas, Poplins, Cashmeres, Bombazines, Crapes, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Ribbons, Trimmings, Butt

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hints about the Rot in Grapes.

Most persons engaged in vineyard culture have adopted the dictum of Father Rentz: "The more I know about the grape rot the more I don't know." The writer of this, after twenty years' experience, has come to the conclusion that there is a remedy for this disease. Root pruning has been recommended by some; manuring by others. The former properly done is entirely too costly; while the latter, in the usual old method of applying it, does not give satisfactory results. Manuring, broadcast and plowing in, results in an increased crop of weeds without a corresponding yield of grapes, and this simply because it is mere chance work that the manure reaches any of the roots. A new vineyard has little or no rot the first year, but year after year the rot increases, till finally the owner becomes more or less disheartened, and disgust, neglect, and the grubbing hoe closes the scene.

Except in cases of late frost there are few years that an acre of vineyard does not on the first of July show the promise of from 400 to 500 gallons of wine. The critical time now sets in; a few hot days and the thing is done. Instead of full ripe bunches, you go painfully to work, about the first of October, picking a few good berries out of each withered bunch to make an inferior wine. The natural conclusion of most persons would be that the grapes, having reached their full growth, suddenly experienced the want which the roots have failed to supply. They are unable to withstand the great heat usual the first ten days of the month of July, and wilt and wither before it.

The grubbing out of some old vines and the appearance of the roots led the writer to try an experiment that proved very satisfactory. The grape root is a feeder and traveler. It thrust out its leading shoot often thirty feet, while its laterals slough off till finally the root resembles a long whip lash more than anything else.

Thus, what is extracted from the soil goes mostly to supply its own growth, and the vine receives only the most diluted portion it elaborates. In consequence the berries, so to speak, become dropsical. It occurred to the writer that if new roots could be started they would produce good results. Early in November the ground around the collar of the vines was removed, leaving a dish of about a foot in diameter and six inches deep, and a pitchfork of good rich manure applied. This was done to some 1,800 vines, or three-fourths of an acre. The manure then gave out. The next season the rot was very great, but the vines so treated escaped it almost entirely, making some two hundred gallons of wine, while the 8,000 vines remaining yielded but fifty gallons all told. On opening the manure it was found to be pierced with roots a foot long. A deep furrow was then plowed between the rows and partly filled with manure and covered. These vines have averaged their two hundred gallons for four years in succession.

To ascertain the best time to apply the manure experiments were tried each month till the first of June. All the vines so tested after the beginning of March showed no benefit whatever, while those done the fall before gave the best results.

To start new roots into an exhausted soil would show but a transient improvement. This many have tried. But followed up by a covered deposit of manure the result will be more lasting.

Household Notes.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Houses that are infested with ants, black or red, may be disinfected in a little attention to trapping them. A sponge is one of the best things for the purpose. Sprinkle it with dry, white sugar; the sponge being slightly moist, it will adhere. The ants will go into the cells of the sponge after the sugar in large numbers, and can be destroyed in hot water, and the sponge squeezed out and sugared again, and returned to the closet for another haul, until all are caught.

PULLED TURKEY.—Divide the meat of the breast by pulling instead of cutting; then warm it in a spoonful or two of white gravy and a little cream, grated nutmeg, salt, and a little flour and butter. Do not boil it. The leg should be seasoned, scoured, and broiled, and put into the dish with the above around it.

LEMON MINCE PIES.—Squeeze a large lemon, boil the outside till tender enough to beat to a mash; add to it three large apples chopped, four ounces of suet, half a pound of currants, and four ounces of sugar; put the juice of the lemon and candied fruit as for other pies. Make a short crust, and fill the patty pans as usual.

TEA BISCUIT.—One quart of sifted flour, a little salt, three teaspoonfuls royal baking powder, a small handful of sugar; mix lightly through the flour, rub in large tea pounful of lard through the dry mixture; mix with sweet milk or water, the colder the better; roll out soft to the thickness of about one-third of an inch; cut with a large sized cutter, and bake in a hot oven.

FRYING.—In frying, the fat, butter, or lard must be perfectly boiling hot. If it is not quite boiling, no matter how nearly so, the articles will soak the fat; if too hot they will cook quickly, but instead of brown. You can tell when the fat is just right by putting in a piece of raw potato, or a small piece of the article you are about to fry. If the fat is at the right heat, the article will come to the surface in a few seconds. You must then use your judgment in keeping it at that point by moving the pot from or toward the hottest part of the range.

"FORCE MEAT BALLS."—Chop two pounds of veal very fine, one onion, parsley, quarter of a pound of suet or salt pork; season with cayenne pepper, salt, sweet marjoram, and thyme. Mix all together; make into small balls, and fry a light brown. Put into the soup cold just before serving.

Restoring Worsted Balls.

A farmer who will exhaust the fertility of his land by raising any crop until it no longer yields a fair return for labor expended in its culture, deserves no pity from anybody. Such a system of farming is far too common, but none the less a disgrace to those who practice it. We will also add that a man who undertakes to make farming pay, while depending upon commercial manures purchased in the market, is pretty sure to come to grief sooner or later. There are far better methods of restoring fertility to worsout soils, and it is rather strange that our farmers have not learned them before this late day. Keep more stock, especially sheep, raise green crops to turn under, also roots to feed the stock, as well as soiling crops, such as drill-corn, millet, and clover, all of which will tend to enrich the farm instead of making it poor.

Destroying Weevil.

An old experienced seedman of Europe says: "Very often in the spring I have noticed that the peas, beans, etc., for sale in the stores for seed were worm eaten. In many cases the seeds were so eaten as to be useless for seed. The worm, and even the egg, may be easily destroyed by the bisulphide of carbon, a colorless, volatile liquid, having an odor like that of rotten eggs. If the barrel containing the seed is not quite full, moisten a piece of cloth with the liquor, lay it on the seeds, and cover the barrel with an old horse blanket. The flavor of the bisulphide will sink down among the seed and destroy all animal life. The seed themselves will not be injured. Two or three ounces will be enough for half a dozen barrels. The liquor is used in Europe to destroy the weevil in wheat."

A Good Voice.

"Madam, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a saucy fellow to a Chicago woman one day.

"Indeed, do you think so?" replied she, with a flush of pride at the compliment.

"I do, most certainly," continued the rascal, "for if you hadn't, it would have been worn out long ago."

For the first time in that woman's life she hadn't a word to say.

OUT OF WORK.

Nothing to Do—No Work, no Money and no Hope.

A city exchange tells a sadly touching story of life among the working people. One picture it draws is but an instance of thousands that it could tell. The man, an industrious and hard working mechanic when he can get anything to do, is out of work. Day after day he has searched for something whereby he could earn bread for his family. The wife was sanguine, too; or if she was not quite so hopeful as he she had the art of concealing what she really feared and felt, and as she got the frugal supper ready her countenance wore a brave smile. She also trusted to the savings laid away so snugly in the bank. They had not yet been touched, for the family had been living on a little money as yet undeposited, and before it would be time to draw upon the bank account John would be in another situation and doing well. But the days dragged themselves into weeks, and the weeks dragged themselves into months, and poor John's experiences took the shape of the old story of hope deferred, that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.

One morning, when he rose from the breakfast table as usual to begin the day's quest, his heart seemed to rise in his mouth. A choking sensation stifled his voice, and, hiding his face, he hurried from the room without a word. His children dimly perceived that something was wrong and looked at their mother for an explanation. But she dare not look at them in return. She pretended to busy herself over various work in order that she might be spared questioning and commune with her own thoughts. And what were those thoughts? All night long she and her husband had lain awake, haunted by a specter whose name was starvation, but of whose presence they breathed not a syllable to each other. In that dread vision of the night they saw their little hoard of savings slowly but surely melting away, without prospect of replenishment. They saw their little ones crying for food when there was no food to give them; stung with the bitter cold because there was no fire or fitting garments to protect them. And what they saw pictured in their own little family they saw reduplicated in thousands of cases all over the great city—men and women imploring for work so that they might live and not go down, pushed down and back by the cruel hands of the relentless times, while dying children clung to their skirts and looked up to them with eyes hollow with famine.

One evening John came home later than usual. Directly he opened the door his wife saw that something terrible had happened. His face was ashen-hued, and he seemed to have grown old since morning. His hands shook like aspen leaves, and as he fell of a heap into the nearest chair his eyes were full of a look, half idiocy, half madness. His wife came up to him, but he did not heed her. She shook his arms, but he sat looking before him as though made of stone. Frenzied with terror she sunk on the floor in front of him, and took his paralyzed hands and chafed them in her own. Then, beneath that genial touch, which brought back to him memories of their courting days, he melted suddenly, and amid the shower of tears that streamed from his hitherto dry eyes, he ejaculated: "The bank has broke."

At these fearful words, which announced the ruin of all their hopes, she remained for a moment speechless. Then all the courage of the woman—superior so often to the courage of the man—arose within her and she crushed back the misery which came surging into her heart, and strove to utter words of consolation. But argue as she would two solemn facts remained—they had no money and John was out of a situation. The failure of the savings bank had robbed them of their little all; every avenue which seemed to promise employment had been tried in vain, and now winter was at the door, and after the few articles of value they possessed had found their way to the pawnshop all that remained before them and their little ones was beggary or starvation.

Reader, this is no fancy picture. Hundreds of men as honest and deserving as the man we have described are at this moment in New York city without the comforts and necessities of life. And when we leave the strong and robust men, with families dependent upon them, and wend our way to the widows and lone women and weak girls the spectacle becomes still more heartrending.

Look at this thinly attired girl. The day is freezing and sleety, yet she wears a flimsy summer dress, because she has no other. That ragged shawl is scarcely a protection, and the closeness with which her attire clings around her slender figure proves that she is ill provided with thick, warm underclothing. Observe that her eyes have an unnatural brightness, her cheeks a hectic flush, and that she suffers with a hacking cough. This ghost of what childhood should be would willingly work ten hours a day could she find work to do. Until the last few months she was employed in a mill, and by constant toil, which aggravated her disease, made enough to support an invalid mother and a dissolute father. Now she is rapidly treading the road to death—treading it amid the snow and sleet, treading it meekly, while the rich and the loving lie gratifyingly in silk-lined carriages; treading it with the calmness which comes from an unmeasurable despair, fed by familiarity with terrible hardships that no pen can describe. Yet, should you hear her speak, it is not her disease that she would be lamenting, but merely that the times are hard and she is out of a situation.

Yes, yes! No more heartless lie was ever uttered than that which declares that "all penniless people are imposters." Cœsus, who has made his millions, but who was penniless once himself, knows better in his heart every time he utters the cruel falsehood. But if any one wishes to have an intelligent idea of how much undeserved suffering there is this winter among the poor of New York let him spend an hour or two every day in going among them. That he will find mere imposition and depravity we are not prepared to deny, but he will find as much or more among the same population of the well-to-do and rich. Still if he takes the trouble to keep his eyes open as he walks among the tenement houses and back streets, he will find plenty of young men, intelligent, respectful boys and men ready to do a great deal of work for very little wages provided they only get any sort of honest work to do; he will find hundreds of helpless, sad-eyed women willing almost to work their fingers to the bone for the means of supplying the necessaries of life to children and invalids dependent upon them. He will find strong men bowed down not by mere selfish, individual griefs and privations, but by the sight of their suffering families destitute of clothing, fire and food. And as he takes his way along the lanes and alleys "out of a situation" will be the wail that will follow his footsteps like a tragic refrain; for to-day "out of a situation" means out of money, out of friends, out of prospects, without relief from man and with nothing left but a firm and steadfast trust in God.

A Monster Cheese.

Mr. J. B. Phillips, a well known dairyman of Ashtabula county, Ohio, has recently made arrangements for exhibiting a mammoth cheese at the Centennial, the weight of which is to be 20,000 pounds. The dairyman's association in the Western reserve have raised a fund of over $2,000 toward defraying expenses in getting up this immense product of the dairy. It is said a car is now being built at Pittsburgh for the special accommodation of the monster cheese. This, when finished and sent to Philadelphia, will doubtless be the largest ever heard of in the world.

WAFFLES.—Beat carefully into one quart of flour one quart of sweet milk, one cupful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a scant half cupful of good home-made yeast. When raised add two eggs well beaten, and let the batter rise half an hour longer. Bake as soon as light in got greased waffle-irons. Waffles are much better made with yeast than with soda and cream tartar, or any yeast powder.

A WAGGISH CROW.

A Lady's Strange Pet and the Worriment it Delighted in.

A lady in Reading, Pa., was the owner of a pet crow called Jim, whose history she tells as follows: Sitting in the trunk of a tree beside the cabin of a woodchopper in the Alleghanies, I first saw him. He was too young to fly, and, only partially covered with feathers, looked so queer, so helpless, and withal so mischievous, that I bought him, tied him in my handkerchief, and, hanging him on the pommel of my saddle, rode twenty miles home. It was the amusement of the family to fill up "Jim Crow," which meant to take pieces of clover heads, bread, and indeed anything, drop it into his wide open mouth till his crop, throat and mouth were filled. Then he would sit with his bill wide open, unable to shut it until the food slowly digested, then recommence his caw, caw, caw. With the wings came—what the quiet twinkle in those black eyes foretold—mischief, sly and deep.

He delighted going into the cook's room, where careless habits made that place a paradise to him. He would gently put his bill under the lid of her sewing-box and turn off the cover on the floor—and then the fun began. The needles were all carefully stuck over the bed, one by one. The cotton was hid in the woodhouse, and the scissors nicely tucked under the pillows in the room quite removed from the scene of his labors. The wax and thimble were dropped into the aquarium. And, after all this delicious fun, he one day took a little pot of hard pomade in his bill and hopped to the edge of the veranda roof, ate the pomade with evident relish, and then dropped the glass pot on the stove-pipe below with a satisfied air at its demolition. He then flew down and carefully picked up each piece and put it in the grass.

During the short illness of one of the family, regularly at six A. M., Jim Crow hopped along the veranda roof, gave a quiet tap on the closed window, and, on being admitted, gravely brought with him to the bedside a chicken bone or leg, or something equally tempting. Seeing that he was duly observed, he would ruffle up his feathers, make himself appear like a large round ball of black feathers, caw, and then open his mouth wide for a portion of the invalid's breakfast. After stirring up things for half an hour or more, opening the clock, picking at the hands, stopping the pendulum, dropping the soap in the water pitcher, and taking all the pins out of the pincushion, he would take his leave.

The fish in the course of time disappeared from the aquarium, and although all the haps and mishaps of the house were attributed to demure little Jim Crow, no one suspected that he was the cause of the fish mystery. One morning he was discovered taking a bath in it and afterward a fish breakfast. The mystery was solved, and when the aquarium was emptied there came to light two thimbles, a pair of scissors, a penknife and a spoon.

To carry away small chickens, drop them into holes, and cover them with dirt, was his intense delight, and when we saw a distracted hen rushing madly about the barnyard, some one looked up Jim Crow and went to the rescue.

After a day's fishing, we were cleaning the fish on the race bank. One little fish was thrown into the water. A duck quickly seized it by the head, and Jim took the tail, and then they pulled and pulled for a few seconds. The scene was exceedingly amusing, for Jim planted his little black feet firmly on the edge of the bank, and was slowly drawn into the water, holding on to the fish. As soon as he found he was getting in too deep, he let go his hold and flew to a tree to take his usual revenge in scolding, and with his head on one side he scolded till all the fish were cleaned. Jim's scolding consisted of a succession of low, guttural sounds, said over and over with a very solemn face and very mournful mien, and has moved many people to hearty laughter because it was so intensely droll. While he was quite young he was tyrannized over, and all the fowls, large and small, had a pick at Jim. But one day he took a large straw in his bill and chased the gentry, who flew before him, and Jim reigned supreme from that day, and often repeated the scare, we thought, for his own amusement.

Jim's strong point was butter, and on churning days he stayed at home and behaved himself. He could eat about half a pound; but one day he ran his bill through a pound, and tried to fly away with it, and from that time he was banished.

As the summer faded into autumn Jim stayed away more and more from home, and occasionally would return with friends, evidently showing them around. One Sunday afternoon the attention of the family was drawn to vigorous cawing on the veranda roof. There was Jim with three friends, all cawing. They solemnly walked in the cook's window and remained in the room some time, keeping up the conversation. When they left, all moving things were found overturned, and the room left in the state Jim always left it in. The pleasures of that place had no doubt been described by Jim to his friends, and he had brought them along for a frolic His visits from home became more and more extended, but whenever he came he scolded as much as ever and seemingly tried to talk. He would sit before the house and deliver long harangues on subjects and in language too abstruse for us to comprehend. One rainy September day he sat for hours on the apple tree delivering, it must have been, a farewell address, for when night came he flew away and never came home again.

Burying their Talents.

In one of his sermons in the New York hippodrome, Mr. Moody, the evangelist, spoke as follows: Now, there ain't a father or mother here but would think it a great misfortune if their children shouldn't grow any for the next ten or fifteen years. That little boy there, if he shouldn't grow any for ten or fifteen years, his mother would say: "It is a great calamity." I know some men of my acquaintance who make the same prayers they made some fifteen or twenty years ago. They are like a horse in a treadmill—it is always the same old story of their experiences when they were converted, and going round and round. If you had a child that was deaf and dumb, you would think it a great misfortune. Do you ever think how many dumb children God has got. You speak about political matters, and they can talk. You ask them what do they think about Gen. Grant's third term, and hear them talk. You ask them about stocks and bonds, and hear them talk. You talk to them about the hard times in New York, and see if they can't talk. But you ask them to speak about the Son of God and they say: "Oh, no, I can't speak about that. Please excuse me." Either they don't believe or they have gone like the third man and buried their talent, and they say: "The Lord is a hard master."

Quite a Saving.

In nothing has the advance of practical science been more clearly evidenced than in the extent to which substances formerly wasted and lost are now reclaimed and made to constitute an important element in the profits of the manufacturer. One of these applications consists in the recovery of the soapsuds from the washing of wool in woolen factories. These were formerly allowed to run down the sewers and into the streams, to the great pollution of the latter; but in Bradford, in England, they are now run from the washing bowls into vats, and there treated with sulphuric acid. The fats rise to the surface in a mass of grease a foot or more in thickness, which is carefully collected and treated in various ways, mostly by distillation. The products are grease, used for lubricating the cogs of driving wheels in the mills; oleic acid, which is worth about $160 per ton, and used as a substitute for olive oil; stearine, worth $400 per ton, etc. It is said that some large mill owners are now paid from $2,500 to $5,000 a year for these suds, which a few years ago were allowed to run to waste.

A Remarkable Incident.

That was a most remarkable incident in the United States House of Representatives—probably never before witnessed in a legislative body—when Gen. Garfield read the eulogy prepared by the Hon. H. H. Starkweather upon Senator Ferry, who had preceded Mr. Starkweather some months to the grave. Mr. Garfield said it was the most sad and sacred duty he had ever performed, as no doubt it was. The eulogy concluded with the following lines from Bonar applied to the dead Senator, but which now seem like a prophecy of the sad fate of Mr. Starkweather himself:

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

To which Mr. Starkweather added, with still greater prophetic vision: "Aye, the sweeter words of inspiration, in the volume of the Book is written: 'Lo, I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'"

Posthumous Advice of a Millionaire.

The will of the late millionaire, David Snow, of Boston, contains suggestions of value to his devisees and to the public. In the closing article of the testament he says:

It is my earnest desire and request that all my heirs (this, of course, is more especially directed to the males) should invest their means in the safe way, and pursue some steady, permanent, legitimate business or employment with great perseverance and indsutry, and success is sure to crown their efforts in due time. This course is not only an honorable one, but is almost always the most successful and satisfactory in the long run; whereas dealing in stocks and engaging in uncertain and rash speculations I regard as a species of gambling at best, a mere lottery, and although sometimes pleasing and exciting when the luck is good, still in the main such a course is generally very injurious and demoralizing, and often ends in ruin, both pecuniarily and morally. It is my hope and ardent desire that my heirs will ever be honest, liberal, steady, industrious, kind to the needy, and attend regularly some church, my choice being, of course, the Methodist, which has been so long dear to me.

Affairs in Mexico.

Mexico is once more seriously threatened by a revolution. The presidential election occurs next winter, and the present incumbent, Lerdo de Tejada, is a candidate for re-election. General Porfirio Diaz, who, as chief justice or president of the supreme court, was really vice president of the republic, has entered the field against Lerdo. It is significantly remarked that the whereabouts of Diaz are unknown, but that the election of Lerdo "means war." Another malcontent is Marquez, who, as one of the betrayers of Maximilian, has an unenviable reputation in Mexico. This man represents the church party, who oppose Lerdo's administration on account of the laws of his administration which separate church from state, make marriage a civil contract, and deprive religious institutions of the right to hold property. Marquez proposes to lead a revolution against the new candidate provided his party show any force; and it is suggested that he may unite with the adherents of Diaz, who have no special grievance except that their leader was defeated by Lerdo in the presidential canvas of 1872. Altogether, the political outlook in Mexico is somewhat stormy.

The Triumph of Beauty.

She didn't care a duff (so she said) whether she pleased masculine eyes or no. But she always looked pretty, and got out of bread baking and dish washing on every conceivable pretext, and she wouldn't scrub, nor get up early in the morning to smile at her brothers over the coffee pot, and she always put her hair up in papers over night, so as to look pretty in the morning, and, oh, my, she did lots of things that are too dreadful to tell here, to make herself pretty. She teased her papa for money, and got it, too, and locked everything she wanted from her brothers, and got all the presents from gentlemen that she could, and then what do you think; why, she got the only good sensible one there was among them, at last. She had her carriage and everything she wanted, and did just as she was a mind to, was petted and caressed by her husband and humored by every one, and forgot all about her poor relations, which was strange. When her mother died she cried a little and said: "Well, poor mother, she had outlived her usefulness," and sent her father some money to pay the funeral expenses, and wore black, and considered her duty done. Happy woman!

Narcotics.

Sleep produced by narcotics or so-called sedatives, says the London *Lancet*, is poisoned. Their use gives the persons employing them an attack of cerebral congestion, only differing in amount, not in kind, from the condition which naturally issues in death. There is grave reason to fear that the real nature of the operation by which these deleterious drugs, one and all, bring about the unconsciousness that burlesques natural sleep, is lost sight of, or wholly misunderstood, by those who have free recourse to poisons on the most frivolous pretenses, or with none save the exigency of morbid habit. Great responsibility rests on medical practitioners, and nothing can atone for the neglect of obvious duty.

Lovers' Mistakes.

Many a man lives with a woman half a lifetime without suspecting that the wife of his bosom has really forgotten more than he ever knew. Many a carpet knight who plumes himself upon his wonderful skill in smashing hearts is being mentally measured and intellectually turned inside out by the smiling girls whom he thinks he is captivating. Many a veteran beau who pulls on his gloves to depart feeling proudly conscious of having made a profound impression upon the susceptible soul of the belle who has endured him for an evening would be wonderfully enlightened, if not edified, could he hear the sigh of relief which escaped her lips when the clang of the door announced his departure.

Marrying Cousins.

In a family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the flood, says a magazine, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate, spindle shanked, pale, sickly child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and when, after twelve years of terrible existence, death came, and mercifully set him free at last, the childless father, looking about, picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.

A Species of Insanity.

Mrs. H. T. Helmbold, wife of the well known buchu Helmbold, is testifying to the insanity of her husband, says: Newspapers are one of his manias; he didn't care what they said, so that his name was in them; he used to be working all the time with printers, editors, and reporters; there is an increase of that passion; he publishes the most absurd bill-posters now; he bores the men to death in the offices where they print papers; I think this is insanity; it is very mortifying to me and to his family.

If all men who bored newspaper men to death in the offices where they print papers were declared insane the lunatic asylums would be full.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The ship W. J. Hatfield, from Philadelphia for Bremen, foundered in mid-ocean, with all on board. Two of the crew swam the previous evening to a bark near by, being the only survivors.....The Alfonsists gained a victory in the neighborhood of Tolosa. There are rumors throughout Spain of approaching peace negotiations.....A special committee of the South Carolina House has presented articles of impeachment against Judge Montgomery Moses for corruption. Judge Moses was formerly governor of the State....The steamer Golden Gate was cut into by ice and sunk in the Hudson river, at Stuyvesant.....It is understood that the Erie railway officials have contracted for a third rail, to be laid by May first.....Speaker Kerr has been obliged to leave Washington, his health failing rapidly.

By a collision off Dover, England, between the steamers Franconia and Strath-Clyde, the latter being outward bound for Bombay, the Clyde was heavily struck, and her boilers almost instantly burst, causing the vessel to sink, and carrying down forty of her seventy passengers.....Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, a widely-known preacher and writer, died in Hartford, Conn.....Over $100,000 were lost by a fire in Rutland, Vt .....The report comes from England that Minister Schenck has resigned.... Three of the murderers of Minister Birch, at Perak, India, have been captured, and one of them has confessed, implicating nine persons.....The Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes are said to be preparing for war. .....Articles of impeachment have been brought forward against Lieut.-Governor Davis (colored), of Mississippi.

The Herzegovinian patriots refuse all compromises with the Porte, no matter what powers recommend them, and state their determination to fight to the last for the complete freedom of their country.....The German state tribunal has decided to indict Count Von Arnim for treason, and a writ of sequestration has been issued against his estates.....A bill abolishing the death penalty has passed the Maine legislature.....A portable boiler in a sawmill at Framingham, Mass., exploded with such effect as to kill three men. .....While the cashier of the Kern Valley (Cal.) bank was working on his books in the evening, he was overpowered and chloroformed by robbers, who stole $27,000 .....The Sonora (Mexico) revolutionists gained a victory over the state troops near Alamos.....The jury disagreed in the case of Finnel, on trial in New York for the murder of Ned O'Baldwin, the pugilist.....Buchu Helmbold has been adjudged insane by the courts.....Three Italians were hanged in St. Louis for a murder committed two years previous.....Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, died of pneumonia in Boston, at the age of sixty.

Keith, the man convicted of poisoning the well of a neighbor in Leeds, Me., was sentenced to ten years in State prison.....R. D. Ruffin, a colored member of the Virginia House of delegates from Dinwiddie county, was expelled for improper conduct in abstracting money from the paybook of the sergeant-at-arms.... Charlotte Cushman leaves an estate of $600,000 ..... Servia has ordered all men between the ages of twenty and fifty under arms..... By a fire in Athens, N. Y., eight icehouses of the Knickerbocker company were destroyed, with implements and forty thousand tons of ice already stored. The loss amounted to $325,000, which was covered by insurance.... The Red river steamboat Mary Loury, was burned to the water's edge while on her way to New Orleans. Her cargo of thirteen hundred bales of cotton was almost a total loss.... By the precipitation of an engine down an embankment on the Short Line road at Lagrange, Ky., Engineer Finnegan was caught under the machinery and held fast while streams of boiling water from the broken boiler ran over his face and body. He died in the greatest agony, with a dozen men looking on, unable to extricate him.

The national Democratic committee have decided that their Presidential convention shall be held in St. Louis on the twenty-seventh of June.....It is announced in Rome that the vatican has advised Don Carlos to stop fighting, as his success is hopeless ..... Disastrous floods have occurred in the provinces of Upper Austria and Moravia. One hundred and twenty houses are known to have been destroyed.....The great $30,000 four-mile race at San Francisco was won by Foster in 7.53 and 7.38½. Rutherford, which sold first in the pools, came in second; the other five horses being distanced..... The Central American States have settled their difficulties, and the war which threatened devastation is thereby averted.....Peace negotiations are being entered into by Egypt and Abyssinia.... Richard B. Irwin, who was before the country so prominently at the time of the Credit Mobilier scandal, has been arrested at the instance of Rufus Hatch, charged with stealing $750,000 which was put into his hands by the Pacific railway company to secure a subsidy. .....George Cameron and Fred Schneider entered a Chicago saloon together, and while standing before the bar Cameron put a pistol to Schneider's head and fired, and then blew his own brains out. Both men dropped dead, and it is believed the crime was prearranged between them.....The Indiana Republican State convention nominated for governor the present minister to Austria, Godlove S. Orth, adopted a long platform, and recommended Oliver P. Morton for President.....The Wisconsin Republicans, in convention, favored James G. Blaine for the Presidency.

The Democratic State convention of Connecticut renominated Gov. Ingersoll and the entire State ticket. The platform called for specie payment..... The bill abolishing capital punishment in Maine has become a law, the governor having signed it.....Attorney-General Pierrepont spoke before the supreme court in laudation of Reverdy Johnson, and Chief-Justice Waite responded.....A fire in Tarrytown, N. Y., destroyed fifteen houses, with a loss of $150,000.....Elijah Shaw, of Wales, Mass., has failed for $300,000. He was the owner of five mills, and employed some three hundred hands.....A revolution is feared in Hayti. All Cuban refuges are ordered to quit the country within thirty hours under penalty of being delivered to the Spanish authorities.... The nitro-glycerine magazine of the Roberts torpedo company, at St. Petersburg, Pa., exploded with terrific force, killing one man and tearing the building to pieces.

A Mysterious Death.

"Tough thing on Blinker, the loss of his wife."

"Yes, it is so. What was the matter with her?"

"Well, she had a variety of diseases; rheumatism and pleurisy, and some sort of a fever."

"Was she sick long?"

"Well, yes; she was sick quite a good while. But there was one spell they thought she would come out all right. She was up and around the house, and her appetite came back quite nice; she was very fond of roast oysters, you know, and Blinker went out one day and got half a bushel. She ate these, and a mess of picked-up codfish, and a few other little things, and next day she died."

"Oh, well, she always was a delicate woman."

Diphtheria.

Diphtheria, says a medical writer, is a term derived from the Greek, signifying a skin or membrane. It is an epidemic sore throat of great severity, often contagious, due to poisoning of the blood, attended with much prostration, and characterized by the exudation of false membranes and lymph on the tonsils and adjacent parts. It attacks all classes of persons and at all ages. Children are most liable to contract it. It is probably most fatal to the poor, or such as reside in damp situations and in badly drained houses. So far as known, local treatment does not afford much benefit unless commenced in the early stage of the disease. Inhalations may then be of value; but the reliance must be placed in the good nursing, hygiene of the sick room and a supporting treatment, to enable nature to work her wondrous cures. There is no specific remedy for the ailment.

HARD ON THE MEN.—Under a new ruling of the Buffalo school board, says an exchange, no married women are hereafter to be employed as teachers. This rule will work great hardship to men whose wives are unable to support them except by teaching.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

The Business of General Interest Transacted.

SENATE.

Mr. Edmunds (Rep.), of Vermont, proposed to take up the resolution for the admission of Mr. Pinchback. He agreed with the Senator from Indiana (Mr. Morton) that the question was one of high privilege, and already had been too long delayed. After some discussion, Mr. Logan (Rep.), of Illinois, demanded the yeas and nays, and the motion to take up the resolution was lost—yeas, 30; nays, 33.

Mr. Morrill (Rep.), of Vermont, reported with two amendments the Senate bill to establish an educational fund and apply a portion of the proceeds of the public lands to public education, and to provide for the more complete endowment and support of national colleges for the advancement of scientific and industrial education. Placed on the calendar.

Mr. Wright (Rep.), of Iowa, introduced a bill to reduce the interest upon the public debt, provide for a safe and elastic currency for the speedy appreciation of the value of treasury notes and national bank notes to that of coin, and to guard against panics and inflation of bank credits. Referred to the committee on finance.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the report of the conference committee on the dis agreeing votes of the two Houses on the joint resolution to pay the interest on the 3.65 District of Columbia bonds. Mr. Sherman (Rep.), of Ohio, moved to recommit the bill to the conference committee, that the resolution might be perfected, and have all the creditors paid. After further discussion, the motion to recommit was agreed to.

The House increase recommended in the Senate for West Point over the appropriations in the House is about $46,000.

Mr. Harvey (Rep.), of Kansas, called up the resolution directing the secretary of war to furnish the Senate such suggestions as may be deemed expedient for the public service, covering the period between May 19, 1869, and Oct. 1, 1872, to enable the government to carry out the provisions of an act constituting eight hours a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics employed by or on behalf of the government of the United States, approved June 25, 1868. After discussion, the resolution was laid aside.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill for the sale of timber lands in the States of California and Oregon, and in the Territories of the United States. The bill passed.

Mr. Morrill (Rep.), of Maine, from the committee on finance, reported on the joint resolution to pay the interest on the 3.65 District of Columbia bonds, made a report, which was read, and the report concurred in by a vote of thirty-one yeas to twenty-five nays.

Mr. Logan (Rep.), of Illinois, presented a petition of disabled soldiers asking that the provision of the act of June 18, 1874, be extended so as to include all who lost an arm below the elbow or a leg below the knee, and that they be granted pensions of $24 per month. Referred to the committee on pensions.

Mr. Morton (Rep.), of Indiana, presented a petition signed by over 15,000 women of Indiana, and nearly 14,000 voters of the State, on the subject of temperance, asking Congress to appoint a commission to investigate and report as to the effect of the alcholic liquor traffic, and to require total abstinence from alcoholic liquors of all civil, military, and naval officers of the United States. Referred to the committee on finance.

The Senate resumed consideration of the bill conferring exclusive jurisdiction over Indian reservations upon the United States courts, and for the punishment of crimes committed by Indians. The amendment providing that the second section shall not be construed to prevent the cutting of timber or grass, or the use of stone, on any Indian reservation as may be necessary for the army or the use of the several agencies located on such reservation, and also to amend the third section so that it would read, "That any person found upon any Indian reservation contrary to law, and who shall refuse or neglect to remove therefrom upon the request of the President of the United States, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor," etc., were agreed to.

HOUSE.

The military committee reported favorably the bill to extend the time for filing claims for additional bounty. An amendment to strike out the limitation was rejected, and an amendment extending the time for filing claims to July, 1880, was adopted. The bill was then passed.

The bill for the sale of the arsenal and lots in Stonington, Conn., was reported favorably and passed.

Mr. Southard (Rep.), of Ohio, reported a bill to amend the act of March 3, 1875, for the admission of Colorado as a State, and asked for its immediate passage. Referred.

The House, on motion of Mr. Southard, went in committee of the whole on the Colorado bill. The only charges made by this bill in the Enabling act of last March are a provision that all qualified voters under the laws of the Territory shall be entitled to vote on the question of ratification or rejection, and a provision appropriating $20,000 to pay the expenses of the constitutional convention. Passed.

Bills were introduced to reduce the tax on distilled spirits; to appropriate the proceeds of sales of public lands to educational purposes; to define the right of United States citizens in foreign countries.

The House voted on the bill to reorganize the judiciary, and it was passed by yeas 143, nays 102.

Mr. Jenks (Dem.), of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill for the transfer of the pension bureau from the Interior department to the War department. Referred.

Mr. Fort (Rep.), of Illinois, from the committee on Territories, reported a bill to prevent the useless slaughter of buffaloes in the Territories. The bill makes it unlawful for any person not an Indian to kill, wound or in any manner destroy any female buffalo or any greater number of buffaloes than are needed for food or for the market. Passed.

The Death of Charlotte Cushman.

The death of Charlotte Cushman will grieve more than surprise the public, for it has been known for a long while that she was afflicted with an incurable disease. Her sickness compelled her to withdraw from the stage this winter, and, after all, her dramatic career had culminated. Although it cannot be said of this great actress that she lagged superfluously on the stage, for even in her weakness she was stronger than the rest, in her latter years she had lost something of her physical force. What was once unconscious energy had become an effort. "I could not play Meg Merrilies if there were one more scene in the play," she said to a manager some time ago, and three years ago, after playing Cardinal Wolsey one night for the first time in ten or twelve years, at the Walnut Street Theater, in Philadelphia, the fatigue she suffered required her to abandon the *role* forever. For these reasons the public which knew Miss Cushman only by her performances in the last ten years can have but an imperfect idea of the wonderful extent of her powers.

Her versatility was almost equal to her strength. Yet it seems only the other night that at Booth's Theater Lady Macbeth strode across the stage and washed her guilty hands in dreams of death before one of the finest audiences ever assembled, and then, passing from our vision forever, left the great tragedienne to receive the applause of thousands. The farewell of Miss Cushman to the New York stage was accompanied by honors and tributes which, apart from all theatrical display, proved how strong she was in the estimation of the public. In the city where she began her work, in obscurity and privation, she ended it in triumph.

No one can fill the place which Charlotte Cushman has left vacant in dramatic art. She was an original force on the stage, and her genius was different from that of any other artist in the memory of this generation. Neither Ristori nor Janauschek nor even Rachel could equal her in her own realm of tragedy. But her task was ended; nothing was left to be done except to repeat conquests which fame had already recorded. Her life was upright and honorable, useful and brilliant, and while there may be deep sorrow for the woman the great actress has left nothing to regret.—*New York Herald.*

A Misunderstanding.

At the breakfast table the other morning a Detroit landlady gave Mr. Jones a severe look and said:

"Mr. Jones, I understand you have been circulating injurious reports about my house."

"How, madam?"

"I understand you said you had used better butter than I have hers to grease wagons with."

"I did say so, madam, but not to injure your house. I have used better butter, madam, to grease wagons, but I wouldn't do it again, I'd sell it to you!"

She accepted the apology.

FOR A SHORT MEMORY.—A method by which persons with short memories may sing songs which have been partly forgotten, and also supply rhymes, is suggested by the following:

Oh, if I had a lumty tum lumty tum too,
In the land of the olive and fig;
I would sing of the lumti tum lumti to you,
And play on the